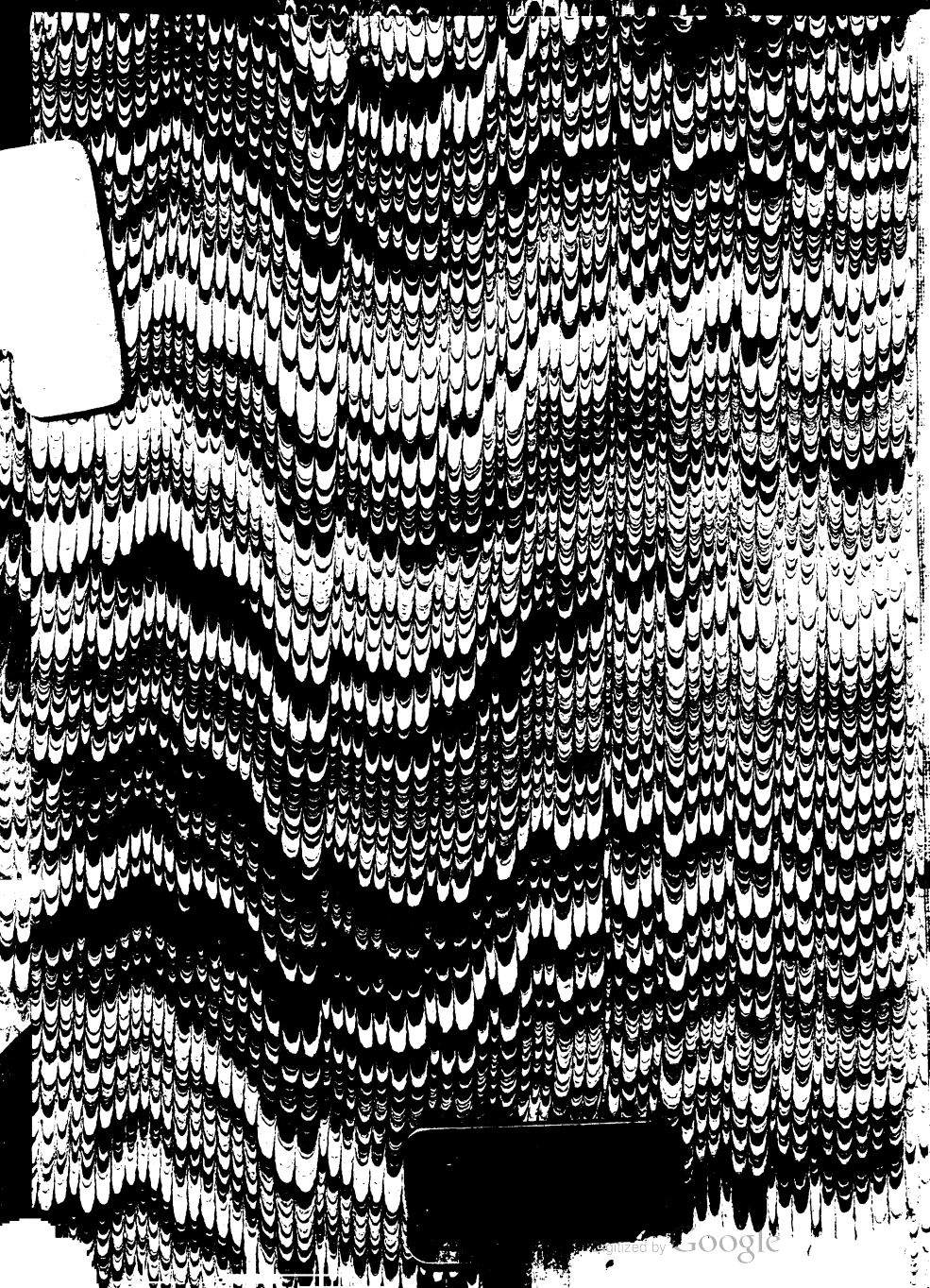
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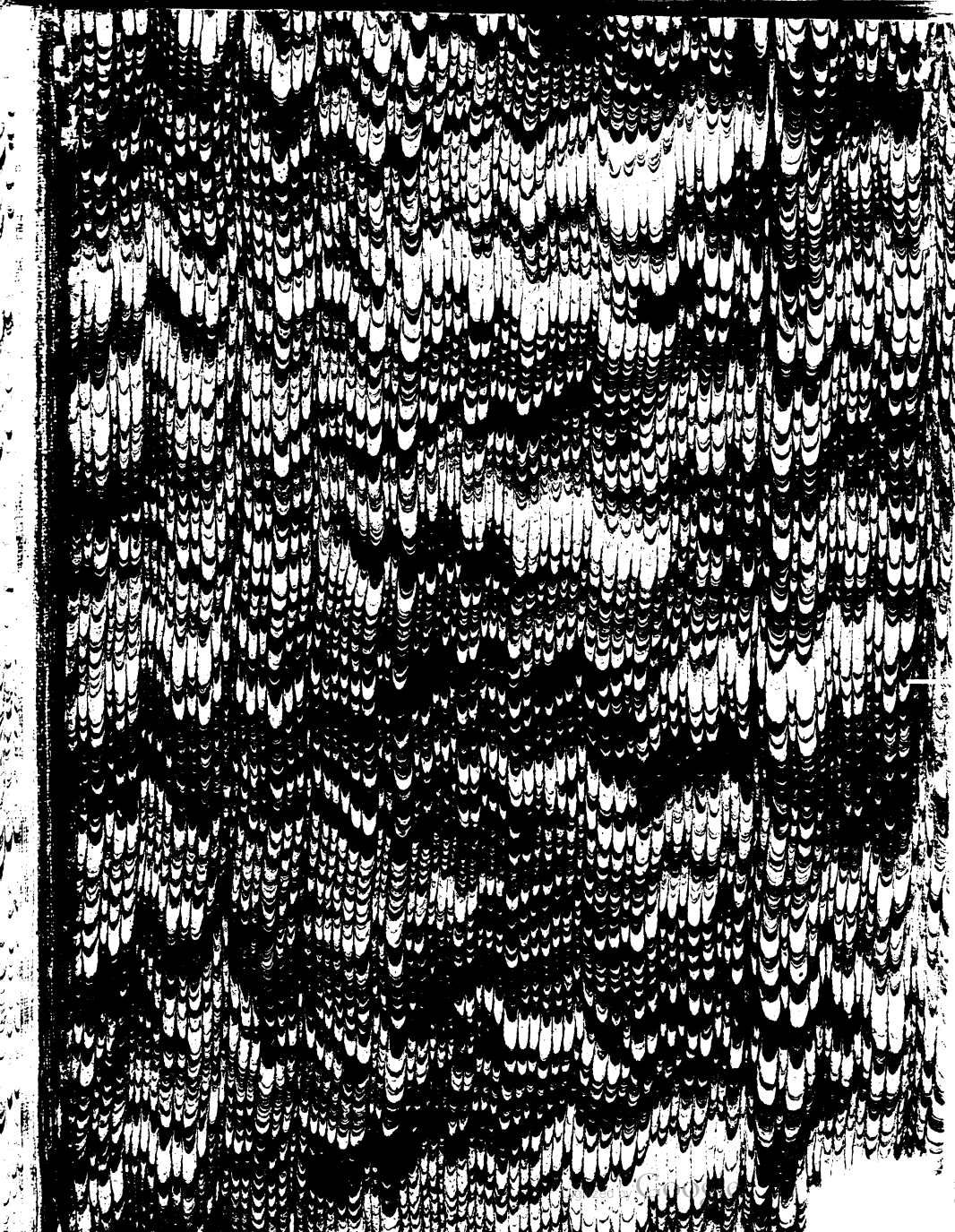

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THE ELDER BROTHER A COMEDIE.

Acted at the *Blacke Friers*, by his Maiesties Servants.

Printed according to the true Copie.

Written by *Iohn Fletcher* Gent.

LONDON,
Imprinted by *F. K.* for *I. W.* and *I. B.*
1637.

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The Speakers of the Play.

LEVVIS, *a Lord.*
MIRAMONT, *a Gentleman.*
BRISAC, *a Iuſtice, brother to* Miramont.
CHARLES, *a Scholar.* } *Sonnes to* Briſac.
EUSTACE, *a Courtier.* }
EGREMONT, } *two Courtiers,* } *Friends to* Euſtace.
COVVSY, }
ANDREVV, *Servant to* Charles.
COOKE, } *Servants to* Briſac.
BUTLER, }
PRIEST.
NOTARY.
SERVANTS.
OFFICERS.

ANGELLINA, *Daughter to* Lewis.
SYLVIA, *her Woman.*
LILLY, *Wife to* Andrew.
LADIES.

Lectori.

Would'ſt thou all wit, all Comicke art ſurvay?
Reade here and wonder; FLETCHER *writ the Play.*

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Prologue.

BUt that it would take from our modesty,
To praise the Writer, or the Comedie,
Till your faire suffrage crowne it: I should say,
Y'are all most welcome to no vulgar Play;
And so farre we are confident; And if be
That made it, still lives in your memory;
You will expect what we present to night,
Should be judg'd worthy of your eares and sight.
You shall heare Fletcher *in it; his true straine,*
And neate expressions; living he did gaine
Your good opinions; But now dead commends
This Orphan to the care of noble friends:
And may it raise in you content and mirth,
And be receiv'd for a legitimate birth.
Your grace erects new Trophies to his fame,
And shall to after times preserve his name.

Actus

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The Elder Brother.

A Comedie.

Actus I. Scœna I.

LEVVIS, ANGELLINA, SYLVIA.

NAy, I muſt walke you farther. *Ang.* I am tyr'd Sir,
And nere ſhall foot it home. *Lew.* 'Tis for your health;
The want of exerciſe takes from your beauties,
And ſloth dries up your ſweetneſſe: That you are
My onely Daughter and my heire, is granted;
And you in thankfulneſſe muſt needs acknowledge,
You ever finde me an indulgent Father,
And open handed. *Ang.* Nor can you taxe me, Sir,
I hope, for want of duty to deſerve
Theſe favours from you. *Lew.* No, my *Angellina*,
I love and cheriſh thy obedience to me,
Which my care to advance thee, ſhall confirme;
All that I aime at, is to winne thee from
The practiſe of an idle fooliſh ſtate
Us'd by great Women, who thinke any labour,
(Though in the ſervice of themſelves) a blemiſh

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To their faire fortunes. *Ang.* Make me understand Sir,
What 'tis you point at. *Lew.* At the custome how
Virgins of wealthy families, waste their youth;
After a long sleepe, when you wake, your woman
Presents your breakfast, then you sleepe againe,
Then rise, and being trimm'd up by others hands,
Y'are led to dinner, and that ended, either
To Cards or to your Couch (as if you were
Borne without motion) After this to Supper,
And then to bed; And so your life runnes round
Without variety or action Daughter.
Syl. Here's a learned Lecture! *Lew.* From this idleneſſe
Diseases both in body and in minde
Grow strong upon you; where a stirring nature
With wholsome exercise guards both from danger:
I'de have thee rise with the Sunne, walke, daunce, or hunt,
Visite the groves and springs, and learne the vertues
Of Plants and Simples: Doe this moderately,
And thou shalt not with eating chalke, or coales,
Leather and oatmeale, and such other trash,
Fall into the greene sickneſſe. *Syl.* With your pardon
(Were you but pleas'd to minister it) I could
Prescribe a remedy for my Ladies health,
And her delight too, farre transcending those
Your Lordship but now mention'd. *Lew.* What is it *Sylvia*?
Syl. What i'ſt? A noble Husband; In that word, a
Noble Husband, all content of Woman
Is wholly comprehended; He will rowse her,
As you say, with the Sunne, and so pipe to her,
As she will daunce, ne're doubt it, and hunt with her,
Upon occasion, untill both be weary;
And then the knowledge of your Plants and Simples,
As I take it, were superfluous; A loving,
And but adde to it a gamesome Bedfellow,
Being the sure Physician. *Lew.* Well said Wench.

Ang. And

Ang. And who gave you Commiſſion to deliver
Your verdict, Minion? *Syl.* I deſerve a fee,
And not a frowne, deare Madam; I but ſpeake
Her thoughts, my Lord, and what her modeſty
Refuſes to give voyce to; Shew no mercy
To a Maidenhead of fourteene, but off with 't:
Let her looſe no time Sir, fathers that deny
Their Daughters lawfull pleaſure, when ripe for them,
In ſome kindes edge their appetites to taſte of
The fruit that is forbidden. *Lew.* Tis well urg'd,
And I approve it; no more bluſhing Girle,
Thy woman hath ſpoke truth, and ſo prevented
What I meant to move to thee: There dwelles neere us
A Gentleman of blood, Monſieur *Briſac*,
Of a faire ſtate, ſixe thouſand Crownes *per annum*,
The happy Father of two hopefull Sonnes,
Of different breeding; Th'elder, a meere Scholar,
The younger, a queint Courtier. *Ang.* Sir, I know them
By publique fame, though yet I never ſaw them;
And that oppos'd antipathy betweene
Their various diſpoſitions, renders them
The generall diſcourſe and argument;
One part inclining to the Scholar *Charles*,
The other ſide preferring *Euſtace*, as
A man compleat in Courtſhip. *Lew.* And which way
(If of theſe two you were to chuſe a husband)
Doth your affection ſway you? *Ang.* To be plaine, Sir,
(Since you will teach me boldneſſe) As they are
Simply themſelves, to neither; Let a Courtier
Be never ſo exact, Let him be bleſt with
All parts that yeeld him to a Virgin gracious,
If he depend on others, and ſtand not
On his owne bottomes, though he have the meanes
To bring his Miſtreſſe to a Maſque, or by
Conveyance from ſome great ones lippes, to taſte

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Such favour from the kings; or grant he purchaſe,
Precedency in the Country, to be ſworne
A ſervant Extraordinary to the Queene;
Nay, though he live in expectation of
Some huge preferment in reverſion; If
He Want a preſent fortune, at the beſt
Thoſe are but glorious dreames, and onely yeeld him
A happineſſe in *poſſe*, not in *eſſe*;
Nor can they fetch him ſilkes from th'Mercer; nor
Diſcharge a Taylors bill; nor in full plenty
(Which ſtill preſerves a quiet bed at home)
Maintaine a family. *Lew.* Aptly conſider'd,
And to my wiſh, but what's thy cenſure of
The Scholar? *Ang.* Troth (if he be nothing elſe)
As of the Courtier; all his Songs, and Sonnets,
His Anagrams, Acroſticks, Epigrammes,
His deepe and Philoſophicall diſcourſe
Of natures hidden ſecrets, makes not up
A perfect husband; He can hardly borrow
The Starres of the Celeſtiall crowne to make me
A tire for my head; nor *Charles* Waine for a Coach,
Nor *Ganimede* for a Page, nor a rich gowne
From *Juno's* Wardrobe, nor would I lye in
(For I deſpaire not once to be a mother)
Under heavens ſpangled Canopy, or banquet
My gueſts and Goſſips with imagin'd Nectar,
Pure *Orleans* would doe better; no, no, father,
Though I could be well pleas'd to have my husband
A Courtier, and a Scholar, young, and valiant,
Theſe are but gawdy nothings, If there be not
Something to make a ſubſtance. *Lew.* And what's that?
Ang. A full eſtate, and that ſaid, I 've ſaid all,
And get me ſuch a one with theſe additions,
Farewell Virginity, and welcome wedlocke.
Lew. But where is ſuch one to be met with Daughter?

A blacke

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A blacke Swan is more common, you may weare
Grey treſſes ere we finde him. *Aug.* I am not
So punctuall in all ceremonies, I will bate
Two or three of theſe good parts, before Ile dwell
Too long upon the choice. *Syl.* Onely, my Lord, remember
That he be rich and active, for without theſe,
The others yeeld no reliſh, but theſe perfect;
You muſt beare with ſmall faults, Madam. *Lew.* Merry Wench,
And it becomes you well, Ile to *Briſac*,
And try what may be done; ith' meane time, home,
And feaſt thy thoughts with th' pleaſures of a Bride.
Syl. Thoughts are but airy food Sir, let her taſte them.

Actus I. *Scœna* II.

ANDREVV, COOKE, BUTLER.

Unload part of the Library, and make roome
For th' other dozen of Carts, Ile ſtraight be with you. (over.
Co. Why hath he more bookes? *And.* More than ten Marts ſend
But. And can he tell their names? *And.* their names? he has 'em
As perfect as his *pater noſter*, but that's nothing,
'Has read them over leafe by leafe three thouſand times;
But here's the wonder, though their weight would ſinke
A Spaniſh Carracke, without other ballaſt,
He carryeth them all in his head, and yet
He walkes upright. *But.* Surely he has a ſtrong braine.
And. If all thy pipes of wine were fill'd with bookes
Made of the barkes of trees, or myſteries writ
In old moth-eaten vellam, he would ſip thy Celler
Quite dry, and ſtill be thirſty; Then for's Diet,
He eates and digeſts more Volumes at a meale,
Than there would be Larkes (though the ſky ſhould fall)
Devowr'd in a moneth in *Paris*, yet feare not
Some-ith' the buttry, and kitchin, though his learn'd ſtomacke
Cannot b' appeas'd; Hee'l ſeldome trouble you.

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His knowing ſtomacke contemnes your blacke Jackes, *Butler*,
And your Flagons, and *Cooke* thy boyl'd, thy roaſt, thy bak'd.
Co. How liveth he? *And.* Not as other men doe,
Few Princes fare like him; He breakes his faſt
With *Ariſtotle*, dines with *Tully*, takes
His watering with the Muſes, ſuppes with *Livie*,
Then walkes a turne or two in *via lactea*,
And (after ſixe houres conference with the ſtarres)
Sleepes with old *Erra Pater*. *But.* This is admirable.
And. I'le tell you more hereafter, here's my old Maſter
And another old ignorant Elder, Ile upon 'em.

Enter BRISAC, LEVVIS.

What *Andrew*? welcome, where's my *Charles*? ſpeake *Andrew*,
Where didſt thou leave thy Maſter? *And.* Contemplating
The number of the ſands in the high way,
And from that, purpoſes to make a judgement
Of the remainder in the Sea; He is Sir,
In ſerious ſtudy, and will loſe no minute
Nor out of 's pace to knowledge. *Lew.* This is ſtrange.
And. Yet he hath ſent his duty Sir before him
In this faire manuſcript. *Bri.* What have we heere?
Pothookes and Andirons! *And.* I much pitie you,
It is the Syrian Character, or the Arabicke,
Would 'ee have it ſaid, ſo great and deepe a Scholar
As Maſter *Charles* is, ſhould aske bleſſing
In any Chriſtian Language? Were it Greeke,
I could interpret for you, but indeed
I'm gone no farther. *Bri.* And in Greeke you can
Lie with your ſmug wife *Lilly*. *And.* If I keepe her
From your French dialect, as I hope I ſhall Sir,
Howere ſhe is your Laundreſſe, ſhe ſhall put you
To th' charge of no more ſoape than uſuall
For th' waſhing of your ſheets. *Bri.* Take in the knave,
And let him eat. *And.* And drinke too, Sir. *Bri.* And drinke too, Sir,
And ſee your Maſters Chamber ready for him.

But. Come

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But. Come Doctor *Andrew* without Diſputation
Thou ſhalt commence ith' Celler. *And.* I had rather
Commence on a cold bak'd meat. *Co.* Thou ſhalt ha't, Boy. *Exeunt.*
Bri. Good Monſieur *Lewis* I eſteeme my ſelfe
Much honour'd in your cleare intent, to joyne
Our ancient families, and make them one,
And 'twill take from my age and cares to live
And ſee what you have purpos'd put in act,
Of which your viſite at this preſent is
A hopefull Omen; I each minute expecting
Th' arrivall of my Sonnes; I have not wrong'd
Their Birth for want of meanes and education,
To ſhape them to that courſe each was addicted;
And therefore that we may proceed diſcreetly,
Since what's concluded raſhly ſeldome proſpers,
You firſt ſhall take a ſtrict peruſall of them,
And then from your allowance, your faire daughter
May faſhion her affection. *Lew.* Monſieur *Briſac*,
You offer faire, and nobly, and Ile meet you
In the ſame line of honour, and I hope,
Being bleſt but with one daughter, I ſhall not
Appeare impertinently curious,
Though with my utmoſt vigilance and ſtudy,
I labour to beſtow her to her worth;
Let others ſpeake her fortune, and future fortune
From me deſcending to her; I in that
Sit downe with ſilence. *Bri.* You may my Lord ſecurely,
Since fame alowd proclaimeth her perfections,
Commanding all mens tongues to ſing her praiſes;
Should I ſay more, you well might cenſure me
(What yet I never was) a Flatterer.
What trampling's that without of Horſes?

Enter BUTLER.

Sir my young Maſters are newly alighted.
Bri. Sir now obſerve their ſeverall diſpoſitions.

Enter

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Enter CHARLES.

Bid my Subsiser carry my Hackney to the Buttry,
And give him his bever; it is a civill
And sober beast, and will drinke moderately,
And that done, turne him into the quadrangle.
Bri. He cannot out of his Universsity tone.

Enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COVVSY.

Lackey, take care our Coursers be well rubb'd,
And cloath'd, they have outstripp'd the winde in speed.
Lew. I marry Sir, there's metall in this young fellow!
What a sheepes looke his elder brother has!
Char. Your blessing, Sir? *Bri.* Rise *Charles*, thou hast it.
Eust. Sir, though it be unusuall in the Court,
(Since 'tis the Courtiers garbe) I bend my knee,
And doe expect what followes. *Bri.* Courtly begg'd.
My blessing! take it. *Eust.* Your Lordships vow'd adorer: *to Lew.*
What a thing this brother is! yet Ile vouchsafe him
The new Italian shrug—— How clownishly
The book-worme does returne it. *Ch.* I 'm glad y' are well. *reades.*
Eust. Pray you be happy in the knowledge of
This paire of accomplish't Monsieurs.
They are Gallants that have seene both Tropicks,
Br. I embrace their loves. *Egr.* which wee'll repay with servulating.
Cow. And will report your bounty in the Court.
Bri. I pray you make deserving use on't first:
Eustace give entertainment to your friends,
What's in my house is theirs. *Eust.* Which wee'l make use of;
Let's warme our braines with halfe a dozen healths,
And then hang cold discourse, for wee'll speake fire-works. *Exeunt.*
Lew. What at his booke already? *Bri.* Fye, fye, *Charles*,
No houre of interruption? *Cha. Plato* differs
From *Socrates* in this. *Bri.* Come lay them by;
Let them agree at leasure. *Cha.* Mans life Sir, being
So short, and then the way that leades unto
The knowledge of our selves, so long and tedious,

Each

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Each minute ſhould be precious. *Bri.* In our eare
To manage worldly buſineſſe, you muſt part with
This bookiſh contemplation, and prepare
Your ſelfe for action; to thrive in this age,
Is held the palme of learning; you muſt ſtudy
To know what part of my land's good for th' plough,
And what for paſture, how to buy and ſell
To the beſt advantage, how to cure my Oxen
When they 're oregrowne with labour. *Cha.* I may doe this
From what I 've read Sir; for what concernes tillage?
Who better can deliver it than *Virgil*
In his *Georgicks*? and to cure your heards,
His *Bucolicks* is a maſterpeece; but when
He does deſcribe the Commonwealth of Bees,
Their induſtry and knowledge of the heat be;
From which they gather honey, with their care
To place it with *decorum* in the Hive,
Their government among themſelves, their order
In going forth and comming loaden home,
Their obedience to their King, and his rewards
To ſuch as labour, with his puniſhments
Onely inflicted on the ſlothfull Drone,
I'm raviſhed with it, and there reape my harveſt,
And there receive the gaine my Cattell bring me,
And there finde wax and honey. *Bri.* And grow rich
In your imagination, heyday, heyday,
Georgicks, and *Bucolicks*, and Bees! Art mad?
Cha. No Sir, the knowledge of theſe guard me from it.
Bri. But can you finde among your bundle of bookes,
(And put in all your Dictionaries that ſpeake all tongues)
What pleaſures they enjoy, that doe embrace
A well ſhap'd wealthy Bride? Anſwer me that.
Cha. 'Tis frequent Sir in ſtory, there I read of
All kinde of vertuous and vitious women,
The ancient Spartan Dames, and Roman Ladyes,

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Their beauties, and deformities, and when
I light upon a *Portia* or *Cornelia*,
Crown'd with ſtill-flouriſhing leaves of truth and goodneſſe,
With ſuch a feeling I peruſe their fortunes,
As if I then had liv'd, and freely taſted
Their raviſhing ſweetneſſe; at the preſent loving
The whole ſexe for their goodneſſe and example.
But on the contrary when I looke on
A *Clytemneſtra* or a *Tullia*,
The firſt bath'd in her husbands blood; The later,
Without a touch of piety, driving on
Her Chariot ore her fathers breathleſſe trunke;
Horrour invades my faculties; and comparing
The multitudes o'th' guilty, with the few
That did dye Innocents, I deteſt, and loathe 'm
As ignorance or Atheiſme. *Bri.* You reſolve then
Nere to make payment of the debt your owe me.
Cha. What debt, good Sir. *Bri.* A debt I paid my father
When I begat thee, and made him a Grandſire,
Which I expect from you. *Cha.* The children Sir,
Which I will leave to all poſterity,
Begot and brought up by my painefull ſtudies,
Shall be my living iſſue. *Bri.* Very well,
And I ſhall have a generall collection
Of all the quiddits from *Adam* to thiſtime
To be my grandchilde. *Cha.* And ſuch a one I hope Sir,
As ſhall not ſhame the Family. *Bri.* Nor will you
Take care of my eſtate. *Cha.* But in my wiſhes,
For know Sir, that the wings on which my Soule
Is mounted, have long ſince borne her too high
To ſtoope to any prey, that ſoares not upwards;
Sordid and dunghill minds compos'd of earth,
In that groſſe Element fixe all their happineſſe;
But purer ſpirits, purg'd and refin'd, ſhake off
That clog of humane frailty; give me leave

T'enjoy

T' enjoy my ſelfe, that place that does containe
My Bookes (the beſt Companions) is to me
A glorious Court, where howrely I converſe
With the old Sages and Philoſophers,
And ſometimes for variety, I conferre
With Kings and Emperours, and weigh their Councels,
Calling their Victories (if unjuſtly got)
Unto a ſtrict accompt, and in my phancy,
Deface their ill plac'd Statues; Can I then
Part with ſuch conſtant pleaſures, to imbrace
Uncertaine vanities? No, be it your care
T' augment your heape of wealth; It ſhall be mine
T' encreaſe in knowledge——Lights there for my ſtudy.——*Exit.*
Bri. Was ever man that had reaſon thus tranſported
From all ſenſe and feeling of his proper good?
It vexes me, and if I found not comfort
In my young *Euſtace*, I might well conclude
My name were at a period! *Law.* Hee's indeed Sir, } *Enter Euſt.*
The ſurer baſe to build on. *Bri. Euſtace. Euſt.* Sir.—— } *Egre. Cow.*
Bri. Your eare in private. *And.* I ſuſpect my maſter } *& Andr.*
Has found harſh welcome, hee's gone ſupperleſſe
Into his ſtudy; could I finde out the cauſe,
It may be borrowing of his bookes, or ſo,
I ſhall be ſatisfi'd. *Euſt.* My duty ſhall Sir,
Take any forme you pleaſe, and in your motion
To have me married, you cut off all dangers
The violent heats of youth might beare me to.
Law. It is well anſwer'd. *Euſt.* Nor ſhall you my Lord,
Nor your faire Daughter ever finde juſt cauſe
To mourne your choice of me; the name of husband
Nor the authority it carries in it
Shall ever teach me to forget to be
As I am now her ſervant, and your Lordſhips,
And but that modeſty forbids, that I
Should ſound the Trumpe of my owne deſerts,

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I could say my choice manners have beene such,
As render me lov'd and remarkable
To th' Princes of the blood. *Cow.* Nay to the King.
Egre. Nay to the King and Councell. *And.* These are Court admirers,
And ever eccho him that beares the bagge,
Though I be dull-ey'd, I see through this jugling.
Eust. Then for my hopes. *Cow.* Nay certainties. *Eust.* They stand
As faire as any mans, What can there fall
In compasse of her wishes which she shall not
Be suddenly possess'd of? Loves she titles?
By th' grace and favour of my princely friends,
I am what she would have me. *Bri.* He speakes well,
And I believe him. *Low.* I could wish I did so.
Pray you a word Sir, Hee's a proper Gentleman,
And promises nothing, but what is possible.
So farre I will goe with you, Nay I adde,
He hath woone much upon me, and were he
But one thing that his brother is, the bargaine
Were soone strucke up. *Bri.* What's that my Lord? *Low.* The heire.
And. Which he is not, and I trust never shall be.
Bri. Come, that shall breed no difference, you see
Charles has giv'n ore the World; He undertake,
And with much ease, to buy his birthright of him
For a dry-fat of new bookes; nor shall my state
Alone make way for him, but my elder brothers,
Who being issueless, t' advance our name,
I doubt not will adde his; Your resolution?
Low. Ile first acquaint my daughter with the proceedings,
On these tearmes I am yours, as she shall be,
Make you no scruple, get the writings ready,
She shall be tractable; to morrow we will hold
A second conference: Farewell noble *Eustace*,
And you brave Gallants. *Eust.* Full increase of honour
Wait ever on your Lordship. *And.* The Gowt rather
And a perpetuall Meagrim. *Bri.* You see *Eustace*,

How

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How I travaile to poſſeſſe you of a fortune
You were not borne to, be you worthy of it,
Ile furniſh you for a Suitor; viſite her
And proſper in't. *Eust.* Shee's mine Sir, feare it not:
In all my travailes, I nere met a Virgin
That could reſiſt my Courtſhip. *Eust.* If this take now,
W'are made for ever, and will revell it. *Exeunt.*
And. In tough welſh parſly, which in our vulgar Tongue
Is ſtrong hempen halters; My poore Maſter cooz'nd,
And I a looker on! If we have ſtudied
Our majors, and our minors, antecedents,
And conſequents, to be concluded coxcombes,
W' have made a faire hand on't; I'm glad I h've found
Out all their plots, and their conſpiracies,
This ſhall t'old Monſieur *Miramont*, one, that though
He cannot reade a Proclamation, yet
Dotes on learning, and loves my Maſter *Charles*
For being a Scholar, I heare hee's comming hither;
I ſhall meet him, and if he be that old
Rough teaſty blade he alwayes us'd to be,
Ile ring him ſuch a peale as ſhall goe neere
To ſhake their belroome, peradventure, beat 'm,
For he is fire and flaxe, and ſo have at him. *Exit.*

Finis Actus primi.

Actus 2. *Scena* 1.

MIRAMONT. BRISAC.

NAy brother, brother. *Bri.* Pray Sir be not moved,
I meddle with no buſineſſe but mine owne,
And in mine owne 'tis reaſon I ſhould governe.

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Mir. But how to governe then, and underſtand Sir,
And be as wiſe as y'are haſty, though you be
My brother and from one bloud ſprung, I muſt tell yee
Heartely and home too. *Br.* What Sir? *Mir.* What I grieve to finde,
You are a foole, and an old foole, and that's two
Bri. Wee'l part 'em, if you pleaſe. *Mir.* No they 're entail'd to 'em,
Seeke to deprive an honeſt noble ſpirit,
Your eldeſt ſonne Sir, and your very Image,
(But hee's ſo like you that he fares the worſe for't)
Becauſe he loves his booke and doates on that,
And onely ſtudies how to know things excellent,
Above the reach of ſuch courſe braines as yours,
Such muddy fancies, that never will know farther
Then when to cut your Vines, and cozen Merchants,
And choake your hide-bound Tenants with muſty harveſts.
Bri. You goe too faſt. *Mir.* I 'm not come to my pace yet,
Becauſe h' has made his ſtudy all his pleaſure,
And is retyr'd into his Contemplation,
Not medling with the dirt and chaffe of nature,
That makes the ſpirit of the minde mud too,
Therefore muſt he be flung from his inheritance?
Muſt he be diſpoſſeſs'd, and Monſieur gingle boy
His younger brother? —— *Bri.* You forget your ſelfe.
Mir. Becauſe h' has been at Court and learn'd new tongues,
And how to ſpeake a tedious peece of nothing,
To vary his face as Seamen doe their Compaſſe,
To worſhip images of gold and ſilver,
And fall before the ſhe Calves of the Seaſon,
Therefore muſt he jumpe into his brothers land?
Bri. Have you done yet, and have you ſpake enough
In praiſe of learning, Sir? *Mir.* Never enough.
Bri. But brother doe you know what learning is?
Mir. It is not to be a Juſtice of Peace, as you are,
And palter out your time ith' penall Statutes,
To heare the curious Tenets controverted

Betweene

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Betweene a Proteſtant Conſtable, and a Jeſuit Cobler,
Topicke naturall Philoſophie out of bawdry
When your Worſhip's pleas'd to correctifie a Lady,
Nor 'tis not the maine morall of blinde Juſtice,
(Which is deepe learning) when your worſhip Tenants
Bring a light cauſe, and heavie Hennes before yee,
Both fat and feeſible, a Gooſe or Pig,
And then you ſit like equity with both hands
Weighing indifferently the ſtate oth' queſtion.
Theſe are your quodlibets, but no learning Brother.
Bri. You are ſo parlouſly in love with learning,
That I'de be glad to know what you underſtand, brother,
I'me ſure you have read all *Ariſtotle*. *Mir.* Faith no,
But I beleeve, I have a learned faith Sir,
And that's it makes a Gentleman of my ſort,
Though I can ſpeake no Greeke I love the ſound on't,
It goes ſo thundering as it conjur'd Devils;
Charles ſpeakes it loftily, and if thou wert a man,
Or had'ſt but ever heard of *Homers Iliads*,
Heſiod, and the Greeke Poets, thou would'ſt runne mad,
And hang thy ſelfe for joy th' had'ſt ſuch a Gentleman
To be thy ſonne; O he has read ſuch things
To me! *Bri.* And you doe underſtand 'm brother.
Mir. I tell thee no, that's not materiall; the ſound's
Sufficient to confirme an honeſt man:
Good brother *Briſac*, do's your young Courtier
That weares the fine cloathes, and is the excellent Gentleman,
(The Traveiler, the Souldier, as you thinke too)
Underſtand any other power than his Tailor?
Or knowes what motion is, more than an Horſe-race?
What the Moone meanes, but to light him home from Tavernes?
Or the comfort of the Sunne is, but to weare ſlaſh't clothes in?
And muſt this peece of ignorance be popt up,
Becauſe 't can kiſſe the hand, and cry ſweet Lady?
Say it had beene at *Rome*, and ſeene the Reliques,

Drunke

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Drunke your *Verdea* wine, and ridde at *Naples*,
Brought home a box of *Venice* treacle, with it
To cure young wenches that have eaten aſhes:
Muſt this thing therefore? —— *Bri.* Yes Sir, this thing muſt,
I will not truſt my land to one ſo ſotted,
So growne like a diſeaſe unto his ſtudie,
He that will fling off all occaſions
And cares, to make him underſtand what ſtate is,
And how to governe it, muſt by that reaſon,
Be flung himſelfe aſide from managing:
My younger boy is a fine Gentleman.
Mir. He is an aſſe, a peece of ginger-bread,
Gilt over to pleaſe fooliſh girles and puppets.
Bri. You are my elder brother. *Mir.* So I had need,
And have an elder wit, thou 'd'ſt ſhame us all elſe,
Goe too, I ſay, *Charles* ſhall inherit. *Bri.* I ſay no,
Unleſſe *Charles* had a ſoule to underſtand it,
Can he manage ſixe thouſand Crownes a yeere
Out of the metaphyſicks? or can all
His learn'd Aſtronomy looke to my Vineyards?
Can the drunken old Poets make up my Vines?
(I know they can drinke 'm) or your excellent humaniſts
Sell 'm the Merchants for my beſt advantage?
Can Hiſtory cut my hay, or get my Corne in?
And can Geometrie vent it in the market?
Shall I have my ſheepe kept with a *Iacobs* ſtaffe now?
I wonder you will magnifie this mad man,
You that are old and ſhould underſtand. *Mir.* Should, ſai'ſt thou,
Thou monſtrous peece of ignorance in office!
Thou that haſt no more knowledge than thy Clerke infuſes,
Thy dapper Clerke larded with ends of Latin,
And he no more than cuſtome of offences;
Thou unreprieveable Dunce! that thy formall bandſtrings,
Thy ring nor pomander cannot expiate for,
Do'ſt thou tell me I ſhould? Ile poſe thy Worſhip

In

In thine owne Library an Almanacke,
Which thou art dayly poring on to picke out
Dayes of iniquity to cozen fooles in,
And full Moones to cut Cattell; do'ſt thou taint me,
That have runne over ſtory, Poetry,
Humanity? *Bri.* As a cold nipping ſhadow
Does ore the eares of Corne, and leave 'em blaſted,
Put up your anger, what Ile doe Ile doe,
Mir. Thou ſhalt not doe. *Bri.* I will. *Mir.* Thou art an Aſſe then,
A dull old tedious Aſſe, th' art ten times worſe
And of leſſe credit than Dunce *Hollingſhead*
The Engliſhman, that writes of ſnowes and Sheriffes.

Enter LEVVIS.

Bri. Well take your pleaſure, here's one I muſt talke with.
Lew. Good day Sir. *Bri.* Faire to you Sir. *Lew.* May I ſpeake w' yee.
Bri. With all my heart, I was waiting on your goodneſſe.
Lew. Good morrow Monſieur *Mirabant*. *Mir.* O ſweet Sir,
Keepe your good morrow to coole your Worſhips pottage,
A couple of the worlds fooles met together
To raiſe up dirt and dunghils. *Lew.* Are they drawne?
Bri. They ſhall be ready Sir, within theſe two houres,
And *Charles* ſet his hand. *Lew.* 'Tis neceſſary,
For he being a joint purchaſer, though your ſtate
Was got by your owne induſtrie, unleſſe
He ſeale to the Conveyance, it can be
Of no validity. *Bri.* He ſhall be ready,
And doe it willingly. *Mir.* He ſhall be hang'd firſt.
Bri. I hope your daughter likes. *Lew.* She loves him well Sir,
Young *Euſtace* is a bait to catch a woman,
A budding ſpritely fellow, y' are reſolv'd then,
That all ſhall paſſe from *Charles*. *Bri.* All all, hee's nothing,
A bunch of bookes ſhall be his patrimony,
And more than he can manage too. *Lew.* Will your brother
Paſſe over his land too, to your ſonne *Euſtace*?
You know he has no heire. *Mir.* He will be flead firſt,

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And horſe-collers made of 's skin! *Bri.* Let him alone,
A wilfull man; my ſtate ſhall ſerve the turne, Sir.
And how does your Daughter? *Lew.* Ready for the houre,
And like a bluſhing Roſe that ſtaies the pulling.
Bri. To morrow, then 's the day. *Lew.* Why then to morrow
Ile bring the Girle, get you the Writings ready.
Mir. But harke you Monſieur, have you the vertuous conſcience
To helpe to robbe an heire, an Elder Brother
Of that which nature and the Law flings on him?
You were your fathers eldeſt ſonne, I take it,
And had his Land, would you had had his wit too,
Or his diſcretion to conſider nobly,
What 'tis to deale unworthily in theſe things;
You'll ſay hee's none of yours, hee's his ſonne,
And he will ſay, he is no ſonne to inherit
Above a ſhelfe of Bookes; Why did he get him?
Why was he brought up to write and reade and know things?
Why was he not like his father, a dumbe Juſtice?
A flat dull peece of flegme, ſhap'd like a man,
A reverend Idoll in a peece of aras?
Can you lay diſobedience, want of manners,
Or any capitall crime to his charge? *Lew.* I doe not,
Nor doe not weigh your words, they bite not me, Sir;
This man muſt anſwer. *Bri.* I have don't already,
And giv'n ſufficient reaſon to ſecure me:
And ſo good morrow brother to your patience.
Lew. Good morrow Monſieur *Miramont*. *Mir.* Good night-caps.
Keepe your braines warme, or Maggots will breed in 'm.
Well *Charles*, thou ſhalt not want to buy thee bookes yes,
The faireſt in thy ſtudy are thy gift,
And the Univerſity *Lovaine* for thy ſake,
Hath taſted of my bounty, and to vexe
Th' old doting foole thy father, and thy brother,
They ſhall not ſhare a Sol of mine betweene them.

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Nay more, Ile give thee eight thousand Crownes a yeere,
In some high straine to write my Epitaph.——*Exit.*

Actus II. *Scæna* II.

EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COVVSY.

How doe I looke now to my elder Brother;
Nay, 'tis a handsome Suite. *Cow.* All courtly, courtly.
Eust. Ile assure ye Gentlemen, my Tailor has travail'd,
And speakes as lofty language in his bills too,
The cover of an old Booke would not shew thus.
Fye, fie, what things these Academicks are,
These book-wormes, how they looke! *Egr.* Th' are meere Images,
No gentle motion nor behaviour in 'em,
They'll prattle yee of *primum mobile*,
And tell a story of the state of Heaven,
What Lords and Ladies governe in such houses,
And what wonders they doe when they meet together,
And how they spit snow, fire, and haile like a Jugler,
And make a noise when they are drunke, which we call Thunder.
Cow. They are the sneaking'st things, and the contemptiblest;
Such small beere braines, but aske 'em any thing
Out of the Element of their understanding,
And they stand gaping like a roasted Pig;
Doe they know what a Court is or a Councell,
Or how th' affaires of Christendome are manag'd?
Doe they know any thing but a tyr'd hackney?
And they cry absurd as the Horse understood 'em.
They have made a faire youth of your elder brother,
A pretty peece of flesh. *Eust.* I thanke 'm for it,
Long may he study to give me his state.
Saw you my Mistresse? *Egre.* Yes, shees a sweet young woman,
But be sure you keepe her from learning. *Eust.* Songs she
May have, and reade a little unbak'd Poetry,
Such as the Dablers of our time contrive,

That has no weight nor wheele to move the minde,
Nor indeed nothing but an empty ſound;
She ſhall have cloathes but not made by Geometrie,
Horſes and Coach but of no immortall race;
I will not have a Scholar in mine houſe
Above a gentle Reader, They corrupt
The fooliſh women with their ſubtle problems:
Ile have my houſe call'd Ignorance, to fright
Prating Philoſophers from entertainment.
Cow. It will doe well, love thoſe that love good faſhions,
Good clothes and rich, they invite men to admire 'm,
That ſpeake the liſpe of Court, Oh 'tis great learning!
To ride well, daunce well, ſing well, or whiſtle Courtly,
Th' are rare endowments; that have ſeene farre Countries
And can ſpeake ſtrange things, though they ſpeake no truths,
For then they make things common. When are you marryed?
Euſt. To morrow, I thinke, we muſt have a Maſque Boyes,
And of our owne making. *Egre.* 'Tis not halfe an houres worke,
A *Cupid* and a fiddle, and the thing's done,
But let's be handſome, ſhall's be Gods or Nymphs?
Euſt. What, Nymphs with beards? *Cow.* That's true, wee'll bee
Knights then,
Some wandring Knights, that light here on a ſudden.
Euſt. Let's goe, let's goe, I muſt goe viſite, Gentlemen,
And marke what ſweete lips I muſt kiſſe to morrow. *Exeunt.*

Actus II. *Scæna* II.

Cooke, Andrew, Butler.

And how do's my Maſter? *And.* Is at's booke, peace Coxcombe,
That ſuch an unlearn'd tongue as thine ſhould aske for him!
Co. Do's he not ſtudie conjuring too? *And.* Have you
Loſt any plate, *Butler*? *But.* No, but I know
I ſhall to morrow at dinner. *And.* Then to morrow
You ſhall be turn'd out of your place for't; we meddle

With

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With no ſpirits oth' Buttry, they taſte too ſmall for us;
Keepe me a pye *in folio*, I beſeech thee,
And thou ſhalt ſee how learnedly Ile tranſlate him;
Shall's have good cheere to morrow. *Co.* *Ex'* Lent, good cheere *Andrew*.
And. The ſpight on't is, that much about that time,
I ſhall be arguing, or deciding rather,
Which are the Males and Females of red Herrings,
And whether they be taken in the red Sea onely,
A queſtion found out by *Copernicus*,
The learned Motion-maker. *Co.* I marry, *Butler*,
Here are rare things; a man that look'd upon him,
Would ſweare he underſtood no more than we doe.
But. Certaine, a learned *Andrew*. *And.* I've ſo much on't,
And am ſo loaden with ſtrong underſtanding,
I feare, they'll runne me mad, here's a new inſtrument,
A metamaticall glister to purge the Moone with,
When ſhe is laden with cold flegmaticke humours,
And here's another to remove the Starres,
When they grow too thicke in the Firmament.
Co. O heavens! why doe I labour out my life
In a beeſe-pot? and onely ſearch the ſecrets
Of a Sallad; and know no further! *And.* They are not
Reveal'd to all heads; Theſe are farre above
Your Element of Fire, *Cooke*, I could tell you
Of *Archimides* glaſſe to fire your coales with,
And of the Philoſophers taſte that here goes out;
And *Gilbert Butler*, I could raviſh thee,
With two rare inventions. *But.* What are they *Andrew*?
And. The one to blanch your bread from chippings baſe,
And in a moment, as thou would'ſt an Almond,
The Sect of the Epicurians invented that;
The other for thy trenchers, that's a ſtrong one,
To cleanſe you twenty dozen in a minute,
And no noiſe heard, which is the wonder *Gilbert*,

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And this was out of *Plato's* new *Idea's*.
But. Why what a learned Master do'ſt thou ſerve *Andrew?*
And. Theſe are but the ſcrapings of his underſtanding, *Gilbert*;
With gods and goddeſſes, and ſuch ſtrange people
He deales, and treats with in ſo plaine a faſhion,
As thou do'ſt with thy boy that drawes thy drinke,
Or *Ralph* there with his kitchin boyes and ſcalders.
Coo. But why ſhould he not be familiar and talke ſometimes,
As other Chriſtians doe, of hearty matters,
And come into the Kitchin, and there cut his breakfaſt?
But. And then retyre to the Buttry and there eate it,
And drinke a luſty bowle, my younger Maſter
That muſt be now the heire will doe all theſe,
I and be drunke too; Theſe are mortall things.
And. My Maſter ſtudies immortality. *Coo.* Now thou talk'ſt
Of immortality, how do's thy wife *Andrew?* My old Maſter
Did you no ſmall pleaſure when he procur'd her
And ſtock'd you in a fame. If he ſhould love her now,
As he hath a Colts tooth yet, what ſayes your learning
And your ſtrange inſtruments to that my *Andrew?*
Can any of your learned Clerkes avoid it?
Can ye put by his Mathematicall Engine?
And. Yes, or Ile breake it; thou awaken'ſt me,
And Ile peepe ith' Moone this moneth but Ile watch for him.
My Maſter rings, I muſt goe make him a fire,
And conjure ore his bookes. *Coo.* Adieu good *Andrew*,
And ſend thee manly patience with thy learning.—*Exeunt.*

Actus II. *Scœna* IV.

CHARLES.

I have forgot to eate and ſleepe with reading,
And all my faculties turne into ſtudie,
Tis meat and ſleepe, what need I outward garments,
When I can cloathe my ſelfe with underſtanding,

The

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The Starres and glorious Planets have no Tailors,
Yet ever new they are and ſhine like Courtiers,
The ſeaſons of the yeere finde no fond parents,
Yet ſome are arm'd in ſilver Ice that gliſters,
And ſome in gawdy greene come in like Maſquers,
The Silke-worme ſpinnes her owne ſuite and her lodging,
And has no aide nor partner in her labours;
Why ſhould we care for any thing but knowledge,
Or looke upon the world but to contemne it?

Enter ANDREVV.

Would you have any thing? *Cha. Andrew*, I finde
There is a ſtie growne ore the eye oth' Bull,
Which will goe neere to blinde the Conſtellation.
And. Put a gold-ring in's noſe, and that will cure him.
Cha. Ariadne's crown's awry too, two maine-ſtarres
That held it faſt are ſlipp'd out. *And.* Send it preſently
To *Gallatteo* the Italian Star-wright
Hee'll ſet it right againe with little labour.
Cha. Thou art a pretty Scholar. *And.* I hope I ſhall be,
Have I ſwept your bookes ſo often to know nothing?
Cha. I heare thou art marryed. *And.* It hath pleas'd your father
To match me to a maide of his owne chooſing,
I doubt her conſtellation's looſe too, and wants nailing,
And a ſweet farme he has given us a mile off Sir.
Cha. Marry thy ſelfe to underſtanding, *Andrew*,
Theſe women are *Errata* in all Authours,
They 're faire to ſee to, and bound up in vellam,
Smoothe, white and cleare, but their contents are monſtrous;
They treat of nothing, but dull age and diſeaſes.
Thou haſt not ſo much wit in thy head, as there is
On thoſe ſhelves *Andrew*. *And.* I thinke I have not Sir.
Cha. No, if thou had'ſt thould'ſt nere have marryed a woman.
In thy boſome, they 're Cataplaſmes made oth' deadly ſinnes,
I nere ſaw any yet but mine owne mother,
Or if I did, I did regard them, but

As

As ſhadowes that paſſe by of under Creatures.
And. Shall I bring you one? Ile truſt you with my owne wife;
I would not have your brother goe beyond ye,
Th'are the prettieſt naturall Philoſophers to play with.
Cha. No, no, th'are opticks to delude mens eyes with.
Does my younger brother ſpeake any Greeke yet, *Andrew?*
And. No, but he ſpeakes high Dutch, and that goes as daintily.
Cha. Reach me the bookes downe I read yeſterday,
And make a little fire, and get a manchet,
Make cleane thoſe inſtruments of braſſe I ſhew'd you,
And ſet the great Sphere by, then take the foxe tayle
And purge the bookes from duſt, laſt take your *Lilly*,
And get your part ready. *And.* Shall I goe home Sir?
My wives name is *Lilly*, there my beſt part lyes, Sir.
Cha. I meane your Grammar, O thou dunderhead!
Would'ſt thou be ever in thy wives *Synaxis?*
Let me have no noiſe, nor nothing to diſturbe me,
I am to finde a ſecret. *And.* So am I too,
Which if I doe finde, I ſhall make ſome ſmart for't. ——— *Exeunt.*

Actus 3. *Scœna* 1.

LEVVIS, ANGELLINA, SYLVIA, NOTARY.

THis is the day my daughter *Angellina*,
The happy, that muſt make you a fortune,
A large and full one, my great care has wrought it,
And yours muſt be as great to entertaine it,
Young *Euſtace* is a Gentleman at all points,
And his behaviour affable and courtly,
His perſon excellent, I know you finde that,
I reade it in your eyes, you like his youth,

Young

Young handſome people ſhould be match'd together,
Then followes handſome Children, handſome fortunes,
The moſt part of his fathers ſtate, my Wench,
Is ti'd in joynture, that makes up the harmony,
And when y' are marryed hee's of that ſoft temper,
And ſo farre will be chain'd to your obſervance,
That you may rule and turne him as you pleaſe.
What are the writings drawne on our ſide, Sir?
Not. They are, and here I have ſo fetter'd him,
That if the Elder Brother ſet his hand to't,
Not all the power of Law ſhall ere releaſe him.
Law. Theſe Notaries are notable confident Knaves,
And able to doe more miſchiefe than an Army:
Are all your Clauſes ſure? *Not.* Sure as proportion,
They may turne Rivers ſooner than theſe Writings.
Not. Why did you not put all the lands in, Sir?
Law. 'Twas not condition'd. *Not.* If it had been found,
It had been but a fault made in the Writing,
If not found all the Land. *Law.* Theſe are ſmall Devills
That care not who has miſchiefe, ſo they make it;
They live upon the meere ſcent of diſſenſion.
Tis well, tis well, Are you contented Girle?
For your will muſt be knowne. *Aug.* A husband's welcome,
And as an humble wife He entertaine him,
No ſoveraignty I aime at, 'tis the mans Sir,
For ſhe that ſeekes it, kills her husbands honour:
The Gentleman I have ſeene, and well obſerv'd him,
Yet finde not that grac'd excellence you promiſe,
A pretty Gentleman, and he may pleaſe too,
And ſome few flaſhes I have hear'd come from him,
But not to admiration, as to others;
Hee's young, and may be good, yet he muſt make it,
And I may helpe, and helpe to thanke him alſo.
It is your pleaſure I ſhould make him mine,
And 't has been ſtill my duty to obſerve you.

Law. Why

Lew. Why then let's goe, and I shall love your modesty.
To horse, and bring the Coach out. *Angellina,*
To morrow you will looke more womanly.
Ang. So I looke honestly, I feare no eyes, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Actus III. *Scœna* II.

BRISAC, ANDREVV, COOKE, LILLY.

Waite on your Master, he shall have that befits him.
And. No inheritance, Sir? *Bri.* You speake like a foole, a coxcombe,
He shall have annuall meanes to buy him bookes,
And finde him cloathes and meat, what would he more?
Trouble him with Land? 'tis flat against his nature:
I love him too, and honour those gifts in him.
And. Shall Master *Eustace* have all? *Bri.* All, all, he knowes how
To use it, hee's a man bred in the world,
T' other ith' heavens: my masters, pray be wary,
And serviceable, and *Cooke* see all your sawces
Be sharpe and poynant in the pallat, that they may
Commend you, looke to your roast and bak'd meates handsomely,
And what new kickshawes and delicate made things——
Is th' musicke come? *But.* Yes Sir, th' are here at breakfast.
Bri. There will be a Masque too, you must see this roome cleane,
And *Butler* your doore open to all good fellowes,
But have an eye to your plate, for there be Furies:
My *Lilly* welcome, you are for the linnen,
Sort it, and see it ready for the Table,
And see the bride-bed made, and looke the cords be
Not cut asunder by the Gallants too,
There be such knacks abroad; harke hither, *Lilly,*
To morrow night at twelve a clocke, Ile suppe w' ye,
Your husband shall be safe, Ile send ye meate too,
Before I cannot well slip from my company.
And. Will ye so, will you so, Sir? Ile make one to eate it,
I may chance make you stagger too. *Bri.* No answer, *Lilly?*

Lil. One.

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Lil. One word about the linnen; Ile be ready,
And reſt your worſhips ſtill. *And.* And Ile reſt w'yee,
You ſhall ſee what reſt 'twill be: Are ye ſo nimble:
A man had need have ten paire of eares to watch you.
Bri. Waite on your Maſter, for I know he wants ye,
And keepe him in his ſtudy, that the noiſe
Doe not moleſt him: I will not faile my *Lilly*——
Come in, ſweet hearts, all to their ſeverall duties. *Exeunt.*
And. Are you kiſſing ripe, Sir? Double but my fartne
And kiſſe her till thy heart ake; theſe ſmocke vermin,
How eagerly they leape at old mens kiſſes,
They licke their lippes at profit, not at pleaſure;
And if 't were not for th' ſcurvie name of Cuckold,
He ſhould lye with her, I know ſhee'll labour at length
With a good Lordſhip. If he had a wife now,
But that's all one, Ile fit him: I muſt up
Unto my Maſter, hee'll be mad with ſtudie.——*Exit.*

Actus III. *Scena* III.

CHARLES.

What noiſe is in this houſe, my head is broken,
Within a Parentheſis, in every corner
As if the earth were ſhaken with ſome ſtrange Collect,
There are ſtirres and motions, What Planet rules this houſe?

Enter ANDREVV.

Who's there? *And.* Tis I Sir, faithfull *Andrew*. *Cha.* Come neere,
And lay thine eare downe, hear'ſt no noiſe? *And.* The Cookes
Are chopping hearbs and mince meat to make pies,
And breaking Marrow-bones—— *Char.* Can they ſet them a-
gaine?
And. Yes, yes, in brothes and puddings, and they grow ſtronger
For th' uſe of any man. *Cha.* What ſqueaking's that?
Sure there is a maſſacre. *And.* Of Pigs and Geeſe Sir,
And Turkeys for the ſpit. The Cookes are angry Sir,

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And that makes up the medly. *Cha.* Doe they thus
At every dinner? I neere mark'd them yet,
Nor know who is a Cooke. *And.* Th' are sometimes sober,
And then they beat as gently as a Tabor.
Char. What loades are these? *And.* Meate, meate, Sir, for the Kitchin,
And stinking fowles the Tenants have sent in,
They'll neere be found out at a generall eating,
And there's fat Venison, Sir. *Cha.* What's that? *And.* Why Deere,
Those that men fatten for their private pleasure,
And let their Tenants starve upon the Commons.
Cha. I've read of Deere, but yet I neere eate any.
And. There's a Fishmongers boy with Caviar Sir,
Anchoves and Potargo, to make ye drinke.
Cha. Sure these are moderne, very moderne meates,
For I understand 'em not. *And.* No more do's any man
From Caca merda or a substance worse,
Till they be greas'd with oyle, and rub'd with onions,
And then flung out of doores, they are rare Sallads.
Cha. And why is all this, prithee tell me *Andrew*?
Are there any Princes to dine here to day?
By this abundance, sure there should be Princes;
I've read of entertainment for the gods
At halfe this charge, will not fine dishes serve 'em?
I never had but one, and that a small one.
And. Your Brother's married this day, hee's married,
Your younger brother *Eustace*. *Cha.* What of that?
And. And all the friends about are bidden hither,
There's not a dogge that knowes the house but comes too.
Cha. Married? to whom? *And.* Why to a dainty Gentlewoman,
Young, sweet, and modest. *Cha.* Are there modest women?
How doe they looke? *And.* O you'ld blesse your selfe to see them.
He parts with's booke, he neere did so before yet.
Cha. What do's my father for 'em? *And.* Gives all his Land,
And makes your brother heire. *Cha.* Must I have nothing?

And. Yes,

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And. Yes, you must study still, and hee'll maintaine you.
Cha. I am his eldest brother. *And.* True, you were so,
But he has leap'd ore your shoulders, Sir. *Cha.* Tis well,
Hee'll not inherit my understanding too?
And. I thinke not, hee'll scarce finde Tenants to let it
Out to. *Cha.* Harke, harke. *Andr.* The Coach that brings the faire Lady.

Enter LEVVIS, ANGELLINA, *Ladies*, NOTARY, *&c.*

And. Now you may see her. *Cha.* Sure this should be modest;
But I doe not truly know what women make of it,
Andrew; she has a face lookes like a story,
The story of the Heavens lookes very like her.
And. She has a wide face then. *Cha.* She has a Cherubins,
Cover'd and vail'd with modest blushes.
Eustace be happy whiles poore *Charles* is patient.
Get me my hoodse againe, and come in with me.——*Exeunt.*

Enter BRISAC, EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COVVSY, MIRAMONT.

Bri. Welcome sweet Daughter, welcome noble brother,
And you are welcome Sir, with all your writings,
Ladies most welcome; What? my angry brother?
You must be welcome too, the feast is flat else.
Mir. I am not come for your welcome, I expect none,
I bring no joyes to blesse the bed withall,
Nor songs, nor Maskes to glorifie the Nuptialls,
I bring an angry minde to see your folly,
A sharpe one too, to reprehend you for it.
Bri. You'll stay and dine though? *Mir.* All your meate smelles musty,
Your Table will shew nothing to content me.
Bri. Ile answer you, here's good meate. *Mir.* But your sawce is sowre ie,
It is not season'd with the sharpnesse of discretion.
Eust. It seemes your anger is at me, deare Uncle.

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Mir. Thou art not worth my anger, th' art a boy,
A lumpe o'thy fathers lightneſſe, made of nothing
But anticke cloathes and cringes, looke in thy head,
And 'twill appeare a football full of fumes
And rotten ſmoke; Lady, I pitie you,
You are a handſome and a ſweet young Lady,
And ought to have a handſome man yoak'd t' yee,
An underſtanding too, this is a Gincracke,
That can get nothing but new faſhions on you,
For ſay he have a thing ſhap'd like a childe,
T will either prove a tumbler or a Tailor.
Euſt. Theſe are but harſh words Uncle. *Mir.* So I meane 'em,
Sir, you play harſher play w' your eldet brother.
Euſt. I would be loth to give you. *Mir.* Doe not venter,
Ile make your wedding-cloathes fit cloſer t' ee then;
I but diſturbe you, Ile goe ſee my nephew.
Lew. Pray take a peece of roſemary. *Mir.* Ile weare it,
But for the Ladies ſake, and none of yours,
May be Ile ſee your table too. *Bri.* Pray doe, Sir.
Ang. A mad old Gentleman. *Bri.* Yes faith, ſweet daughter,
He has been thus his whole age to my knowledge,
He has made *Charles* his heire, I know that certainly,
Then why ſhould he grudge *Euſtace* any thing?
Ang. I would not have a light head, nor one laden
With too much learning, as they ſay, this *Charles* is,
That makes his booke his Miſtreſſe: Sure, there's ſomething
Hid in this old mans anger, that declares him
Not a meere Sot. *Bri.* Come ſhall we goe and ſeale, brother?
All things are ready and the Prieſt is here,
When *Charles* has ſet his hand unto the Writings,
As he ſhall inſtantly, then to the Wedding,
And ſo to dinner. *Lew.* Come, let's ſeale the booke firſt,
For my daughters Joynture. *Bri.* Let's be private in't, Sir. *Exeunt.*

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Actus III. Scæna IV.

Enter CHARLES, MIRAMONT, ANDREVV.

Mir. Nay, y'are undone. *Cha.* hum. *Mira.* Ha' ye no greater feeling?
And. You were sensible of the great booke, Sir,
When it fell on your head, and now the house
Is ready to fall, Doe you feare nothing? *Cha.* Will
He have my bookes too? *Mir.* No, he has a booke,
A faire one too to reade on, and reade wonders,
I would thou hadst her in thy studie Nephew,
And 'twere but to new string her. *Cha.* Yes, I saw her,
And me thought 'twas a curious peece of learning,
Handsomely bound, and of a dainty letter.
And. He flung away his booke. *Mir.* I like that in him,
Would he had flung away his dulnesse too,
And spake to her. *Cha.* And must my brother have all?
Mir. All that your father has. *Cha.* And that faire woman too?
Mir. That woman also. *Cha.* He has enough then.
May I not see her sometimes, and call her Sister?
I will doe him no wrong. *Mir.* This makes me mad,
I could now cry for anger; these old fooles
Are the most stubborne and the wilfullest Coxcombs.
Farewell, and fall to your booke, forget your brother,
You are my heire, and Ile provide y'a wife:
Ile looke upon this marriage though I hate it. *Exit.*

Enter BRISAC.

Where is my sonne? *And.* There Sir, casting a figure
What chopping children his brother shall have.
Bri. He do's well; How do'st *Charles?* still at thy booke?
And. Hee's studying now Sir, who shall be his father.
Bri. Peace you rude Knave —— Come hither *Charles*, be merry,

Cha. I

Cha. I thanke you I am buſie at my booke, Sir,
Bri. You muſt put your hand my *Charles*, as I would have you,
Unto a little peece of parchment here,
Onely your name, you write a reaſonable hand.
Cha. But I may doe unreaſonably to write it,
What is it Sir? *Bri.* To paſſe the Land I have, Sir,
Unto your younger brother. *Cha.* Is't no more?
Bri. No, no, 'tis nothing, you ſhall be provided for,
And new bookes you ſhall have ſtill, and new ſtudies,
And have your meanes brought in without the care boy,
And one ſtill to attend you. *Cha.* This ſhewes your love father.
Bri. I'm tender to you. *And.* Like a ſtone, I take it.
Cha. Why father, Ile goe downe, an't pleaſe you let me,
Becauſe Ide ſee the thing they call the Gentlewoman,
I ſee no women but through contemplation,
And there Ile doe't before the company,
And wiſh my brother fortune. *Bri.* Doe I prithee.
Cha. I muſt not ſtay, for I have things above
Require my ſtudy. *Bri.* No thou ſhalt not ſtay,
Thou ſhalt have a brave dinner too. *And.* Now has he
Orethrowne himſelfe for ever; I will downe
Into the Celler, and be ſtarke drunke for anger. *Exeunt.*

Actus III. *Scena* V.

Enter LEVVIS, ANGELLINA, EUSTACE, *Prieſt*, *Ladies*, COVVSY, *Notary*, MIRAMONT.

Not. Come let him bring his ſonnes hand, and all's done,
Is yours ready? *Pr.* Yes, Ile diſpatch ye preſently,
Immediately, for in truth I am a hungry.
Euſt. Doe, ſpeake apace, for we beleeve exactly:
Doe not we ſtay long Miſtris? *Ang.* I finde no fault,
Better things well done than want time to doe them.
Uncle, why are you ſad? *Mir.* Sweet ſmelling bloſſome,
Would I were thine Uncle to thine owne content,

Ide

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Ide make thy husbands ſtate a thouſand, better
A yearely thouſand, thou haſt miſt a man,
(But that he is addicted to his ſtudy,
And knowes no other Miſtreſſe than his minde)
Would weigh downe bundles of theſe empty kexes.
Ang. Can he ſpeake, Sir? *Mir.* Faith yes, but not to women:
His language is to heaven, and heavenly wonder,
To Nature, and her darke and ſecret cauſes.
Ang. And does he ſpeake well there? *Mir.* O, admirably,
But hee's too baſhfull to behold a woman,
Theres none that ſees him, nor he troubles none.
Ang. He is a man. *Mir.* Yes, and a cleare ſweet ſpirit.
Ang. Then converſation me thinkes—— *Mir.* So thinke I too,
But it is his rugged fate, and ſo I leave you.
Ang. I like thy nobleneſſe. *Euſt.* See, my mad Uncle
Is courting my faire Miſtreſſe. *Lew.* Let him alone,
There's nothing that allayes an angry minde
So ſoone as a ſweet beauty; hee'l come to us.

Enter BRISAC, CHARLES.

Euſt. My father's here, my brother too! that's a wonder,
Broke like a ſpirit from his Cell. *Bri.* Come hither,
Come neerer *Charles*, 'Twas your deſire to ſee
My noble Daughter, and the company,
And give your brother joy, and then to ſeale boy.
You doe like a good brother. *Lew.* Marry do's he,
And he ſhall have my love for ever for't.
Put to your hand now. *Not.* Here's the Deed Sir, ready.
Cha. No, you muſt pardon me a while, I tell ye,
I am in contemplation, doe not trouble me.
Bri. Come, leave thy ſtudy, *Charles*. *Cha.* Ile leave my life firſt;
I ſtudy now to be a man, I've found it.
Before, what man was, was but my Argument.
Mir. I like this beſt of all, he has taken fire,
His dull miſt flies away. *Euſt.* Will you write brother?
Cha. No, brother no, I have no time for poore things,

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I'm taking th' height of that bright Conſtellation.
Bri. I ſay, you trifle time, ſonne. *Cha.* I will not ſeale, Sir,
I am your eldeſt, and Ile keepe my birthright,
For heaven forbid I ſhould become example;
Had y' onely ſhew'd me Land, I had deliver'd it,
And been a proud man to have parted with it;
Tis dirt, and labour; Doe I ſpeake right Uncle?
Mir. Bravely my boy, and bleſſe thy tongue. *Cha.* Ile forward,
But you have open'd to me ſuch a treaſure,
I finde my minde free, heaven direct my fortune.
Mir. Can he ſpeake now? Is this a ſonne to ſacrifice?
Cha. Such an inimitable peece of beauty,
That I have ſtudied long, and now found onely,
That Ile part ſooner with my ſoule of reaſon,
And be a plant, a beaſt, a fiſh, a flie;
And onely make the number of things up
Than yeeld one foot of Land; if ſhe be ty'd to't.
Lew. He ſpeakes unhappily. *Aug.* And me thinkes bravely,
This the meere Scholar? *Euſt.* You but vexe your ſelfe brother,
And vexe your ſtudie too. *Cha.* Goe you and ſtudie,
For 'tis time young *Euſtace*, you want both man and manners,
I've ſtudied both, although I made no ſhew on't,
Goe turne the Volumes over I have read,
Eate and digeſt them, that they may grow in thee,
Weare out the tedious night with thy dimme Lampes
And ſooner looſe the day than leave a doubt,
Diſtill the ſweetneſſe from the Poets Spring,
And learne to love, Thou know'ſt not what faire is,
Traverſe the ſtories of the great Heroes,
The wiſe and civill lives of good men walke through;
Thou haſt ſeene nothing but the face of Countries,
And brought home nothing but their empty words:
Why ſhould'ſt thou weare a Jewell of this worth?
That haſt no worth within thee to preſerve her.

Beauty

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Beauty cleere and faire,
where the aire
Rather like a perfume dwelles,
Where the violet and the roſe
Their blew veines in bluſh diſcloſe,
And come to honour nothing elſe.

Where to live neere,
and planted there,
Is to live, and ſtill live new,
Where to gaine a favour is
More than light, perpetuall bliſſe,
Make me live by ſerving you.

Deare againe backe recall,
to this light,
A ſtranger to himſelfe and all;
Both the wonder and the ſtory
Shall be yours, and eke the glory.
I am your ſervant, and your thrall.

Mir. Speake ſuch another Ode, and take all yet.
What ſay ye to the Scholar now? *Aug.* I wonder;
Is he your brother, Sir? *Euſt.* Yes, would he were buried,
I feare hee'l make an aſſe of me a younger.
Aug. Speake not ſo ſoftly Sir, tis very likely.
Bri. Come leave your ſinicall talke, and let's diſpatch, *Charles.*
Cha. Diſpatch? What? *Bri.* Why the land. *Cha.* You are deceiv'd, Sir,
Now I perceive what 'tis that woes a woman,
And what maintaines her when ſhee's woo'd. Ile ſtop here.
A wilfull poverty nere made a beauty,
Nor want of meanes maintain'd it vertuouſly:
Though land and monies be no happineſſe,

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Yet they are counted good Additions.
That uſe lle make, He that neglects a bleſſing,
Though he want preſent knowledge how to uſe it,
Neglects himſelfe; May be I have done you wrong Lady,
Whoſe love and hope went hand in hand together,
May be my brother, that has long expected
The happy houre and bleſt my ignorance:
Pray give me leave Sir, I ſhall cleare all doubts.
Why did they ſhew me you? Pray tell me that?
(*Mir.* Hee'l talke thee into a penſion for thy knavery)
Cha. You happy you, why did you breake unto me?
The roſie ſugred morne nere broke ſo ſweetly:
I am a man and have defires within me,
Affections too, though they were drown'd a while,
And lay dead, till the Spring of beauty rais'd them,
Till I ſaw thoſe eyes, I was but a lumpe,
A Chaos of confuſedneſſe dwelt in me;
Then from thoſe eyes ſhot Love, and he diſtinguiſht,
And into forme he drew my faculties;
And now I know my Land, and now I love too.
Bri. We had beſt remove the maide. *Cha.* It is too late Sir,
I have her figure here. Nay frowne not *Euſtace*,
There are leſſe worthy ſoules for younger brothers,
This is no forme of ſilke but ſanctity,
Which wilde laſcivious hearts can never dignifie.
Remove her where you will, I walke along ſtill,
For like the light we make no ſeparation;
You may ſooner part the billowes of the Sea,
And put a barre betwixt their fellowſhips,
Than blot out my remembrance, ſooner ſhut
Old time into a den, and ſtay his motion,
Waſh off the ſwift houres from his downy wings,
Or ſteale eternity to ſtop his glaſſe,
Than ſhut the ſweet Idea I have in me.
Roome for an elder brother, pray give place, Sir.

Mir. Has

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Mir. Has ſtudied duell too, take heed, hee'l beat thee.
Has frighted the old Juſtice into a fever;
I hope hee'l diſinherit him too for an aſſe;
For though he be grave with yeeres, hee's a great baby.
Cha. Doe not you thinke me mad? *Ang.* No certaine, Sir,
I have heard nothing from you but things excellent.
Cha. You looke upon my clothes and laugh at me,
My ſcurvie clothes! *Ang.* They have rich linings Sir.
I would your brother——*Cha.* His are gold and gawdy.
Ang. But touch 'em inwardly, they ſmell of Copper.
Cha. Can ye love me? I am an heire, ſweet Lady,
However I appeare a poore dependant;
Love you with honour, I ſhall love ſo ever:
Is your eye ambitious? I may be a great man.
Is 't wealth or lands you covet? my father muſt dye.
Mir. That was well put in, I hope hee'll take it deepely.
Cha. Old men are not immortall, as I take it,
Is it, you looke for, youth and handſomneſſe?
I doe confeſſe my brother's a handſome Gentleman,
But he ſhall give me leave to lead the way Lady,
Can you love for love, and make that the reward?
The old man ſhall not love his heapes of gold
With a more doting ſuperſtition,
Than Ile love you; The young man his delights,
The merchant when he ploughs the angry ſea up
And ſees the mountaine billowes falling on him,
As if all Elements, and all their angers
Were turn'd into one vow'd deſtruction;
Shall not with greater joy imbrace his ſafety.
Wee'll live together like two wanton Vines,
Circling our ſoules and loves in one another,
Wee'll ſpring together and weell beare one fruit,
One joy ſhall make us ſmile, and one griefe mourne,
One age goe with us, and one houre of death
Shall ſhut our eyes, and one grave make us happy.

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Ang. And one hand ſeale the match, Ime yours for ever.
Lew. Nay, ſtay, ſtay, ſtay. *Ang.* Nay certainly, tis done Sir.
Bri. There was a contract, *Ang.* Onely conditionall,
That if he had the Land, he had my love too;
This Gentleman's the heire, and hee'l maintaine it.
Pray be not angry Sir, at what I ſay;
Or if you be, tis at your owne adventure.
You have the outſide of a pretty Gentleman,
But by my troth your inſide is but barren;
Tis not a face I onely am in love with,
Nor will I ſay your face is excellent,
A reaſonable hunting face to court the winde with;
Nor th' are not words unleſſe they be well plac'd too,
Nor your ſweet Dam-mees, nor your hired verſes,
Nor telling me of Cloathes, nor Coach and horſes,
No nor your viſits each day in new ſuites,
Nor your blacke patches you weare variouſly,
Some cut like ſtarres, ſome in halfe Moones, ſome Lozenges,
(All which but ſhew you ſtill a younger brother.)
Mir. Gramercy Wench, thou haſt a noble ſoule too.
Ang. Nor your long travailes, nor your little knowledge,
Can make me doate upon you. Faith goe ſtudy,
And gleane ſome goodneſſe, that you may ſhew manly,
Your brother at my ſuite Ime ſure will teach you,
Or onely ſtudy how to get a wife Sir,
Y' are caſt farre behinde, tis good you ſhould be melancholy,
It ſhewes likes a Gameſter that had loſt his money,
And tis the faſhion to weare your arme in a skarfe Sir,
For you have had a ſhrewd cut ore the fingers.
Lew. But are y' in earneſt? *Ang.* Yes, beleeve me father,
You ſhall nere chooſe for me, y' are old and dimme Sir,
And th' ſhadow of the earth eclipſ'd your judgement,
Y' have had your time without controwle deare father,
And you muſt give me leave to take mine now Sir.
Bri. This is the laſt time of asking, Will you ſet your hand too?

Cha. This

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Cha. This is the laſt time of anſwering, I will never.
Briſ. Out of my doores. *Char.* Moſt willingly. *Miram.* He ſhall Jew,
Thou of the Tribe of *Man-y-aſſes*, Coxcombe,
And never trouble thee more till thy chops be cold, foole.
Ang. Muſt I be gone too? *Lew.* I will never know thee.
Ang. Then this man will, what fortune he ſhall runne, father,
Bee't good or bad, I muſt partake it with him.

Enter EGREMONT.

When ſhall the Maſque begimne? *Eust.* Tis done already,
All, all, is broken off, I am undone friend,
My brother's wife againe, and has ſpoil'd all,
Will not releaſe the land, has wonne the Wench too.
Egre. Could he not ſtay till th' Maſque was paſt? w'are ready,
What a skirvie trick's this? *Mir.* O you may vaniſh,
Performe it at ſome Hall, where the Citizens wives
May ſee't for ſixe pence a peece, and a cold ſupper.
Come let's goe *Charles*, And now my noble Daughter,
Ile ſell the tiles of my houſe ere thou ſhalt want Wench.
Rate up your dinner Sir, and ſell it cheape,
Some younger brother will take't up in commodities.
Send you joy, Nephew *Euſtace*, if ye ſtudy the Law,
Keepe your great pippin-pies, they'l goe farre with yee.
Cha. Ide have your bleſſing. *Bri.* No, no, meet me no more,
Farewell, thou wilt blaſt mine eyes elſe. *Cha.* I will not.
Lew. Nor ſend not you for Gownes. *Ang.* Ile weare courſe flannell firſt.
Bri. Come let's goe take ſome counſell. *Lew.* Tis too late.
Bri. Then ſtay and dine, It may be we ſhall vexe 'em.

Exeunt.

Actus

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Actus 4. Scœna 1.

Enter BRISAC, EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COVVSY.

NEre talke to me, you are no men but Maſquers,
Shapes, ſhadowes, and the ſignes of men, Court bubbles,
That every breath or breakes or blowes away,
You have no ſoules, no metall in your bloods,
No heat to ſtirre ye when ye have occaſion,
Frozen dull things that muſt bee turn'd with leavers,
Are you the Courtiers and the travail'd Gallants?
The ſpritely fellowes, that the people talke of?
Ye have no more ſpirit than three ſleepy ſops.
Euſt. What would ye have me doe, Sir? *Bri.* Follow your brother,
And get ye out of doores, and ſeeke your fortune,
Stand ſtill becalm'd, and let an aged Dotard,
A haire-brain'd puppy, and a bookiſh boy,
That never knew a blade above a penknife,
And how to cut his meat in Characters
Croſſe my deſigne, and take thy owne Wench from thee,
In mine owne houſe too? Thou deſpis'd poore fellow!
Euſt. The reverence that I ever bare to you Sir,
Then to my Uncle, with whom 't had been but ſawcineſſe
T'have been ſo rough——*Egre.* And we not ſeeing him
Strive in his owne cauſe, that was principall,
And ſhould have led us on; thought it ill manners
To beginne a quarrell here. *Bri.* You dare doe nothing.
Doe you make your care the excuſe of your cowardlineſſe?
Three boyes on hobby-horſes with three penny halberts,
Would beate you all. *Cow.* You muſt not ſay ſo. *Bri.* Yes,
And ſing it too. *Cow.* You are a man of peace,

Therefore

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Therefore we must give way. *Bri.* Ile make my way
And therefore quickly leave me, or Ile force you;
And having first torne off your flaunting feathers,
Ile trample on 'em; and if that cannot teach you
To quit my house, Ile kicke ye out of my gates;
You gawdy glow-wormes carrying seeming fire,
Yet have no heat within ye. *Cow.* O blest travaile!
How much we owe thee for our power to suffer?
Egre. Some spleenative youths now that had never seene
More than their Country smoake would grow in choler.
It would shew fine in us. *Eust.* Yes marry would it,
That are prime Courtiers, and must know no angers,
But give thankes for our injuries, if we purpose
To hold our places. *Bri.* Will you finde the doore?
And finde it suddenly, you shall lead the way, Sir,
With your perfumd' retinew, and recover
The now lost *Angelina*, or build on it,
I will adopt some beggers doubtfull issue,
Before thou shalt inherit. *Eust.* Wee'll to councell,
And what may be done by mans wit or valour
Wee'll put in execution. *Bri.* Doe, or never
Hope I shall know thee. *Lo.* O Sir, have I found you? } *Exeunt.*
Bri. I never hid my selfe, whence flowes this fury? } *Ent. Lewis.*
With which as it appeares, you come to fright me.
Lew. I smell a plot, a meere conspiracy
Among ye all to defeate me of my daughter,
And if she be not suddenly delivered,
Untainted in her reputation too,
The best of France shall know how I am juggled with.
She is my heire, and if she may be ravisht
Thus from my care, farewell Nobility,
Honour and bloud are meere neglected nothings.
Bri. Nay then, my Lord, you goe too farre, and taxe him
Whose innocency understands not what feare is.
If your unconstant daughter will not dwell

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On certainties, must you henceforth conclude,
That I am fickle? What have I omitted,
To make good my integrity and truth?
Nor can her lightnesse, nor your suppositions
Cast an aspersion on me. *Lew.* I am wounded
In fact, nor can words cure it: doe not trifle,
But speedily, once more I doe repeat it,
Restore my daughter as I brought her hither,
Or you shall heare from me in such a kinde,
As you will blush to answer. *Bri.* All the world
I thinke conspires to vexe me, yet I will not
Torment my selfe, some spriteful mirth must banish
The rage and melancholy which hath almost choak'd me,
T'a knowing man tis physicke, and 'tis thought on,
One merry houre Ile have in spight of fortune,
To cheare my heart, and this is that appointed,
This night Ile hugge my *Lilly* in mine armes,
Provocatives are sent before to cheare me;
We old men need 'em, and though we pay deare
For our stolne pleasures, so it be done securely:
The charge much like a sharpe sawce gives 'em relish.
Well honest *Andrew*, I gave you a farme,
And it shall have a beacon to give warning
To my other Tenants when the Foe approaches;
And presently, you being bestowed elsewhere,
Ile graffe it with dexterity on your forehead;
Indeed I will *Lilly*, I come, poore *Andrew*. *Exit.*

Actus IV. *Scæna* II.

Enter MIRAMONT, ANDREW.

Doe they chafe roundly? *And.* As they were rubb'd with soape, Sir,
And now they sweare alowd, now calme again,
Like a ring of bells, whose sound the winde still alters,
And then they sit in counsell what to doe,

And

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And then they jarre againe what ſhall be done;
They talke of Warrants from the Parliament,
Complaints to the King, and forces from the Province,
They have a thouſand heads in a thouſand minutes,
Yet here a one head worth a head of garlicke.
Mir. Long may they chafe, and long may we laugh at 'em,
A couple of pure puppies yoak'd together.
But what ſayes the young Courtier Maſter *Euſtace*,
And his two warlike friends? *And.* They ſay but little,
How much they thinke I know not, they looke rufully,
As if they had newly come from a vaulting houſe,
And had beene quite ſhot through 'tweene winde and water
By a ſhe Dunkirke, and had ſprung a leake, Sir.
Certaine my maſter was too blame. *Mir.* Why *Andrew*?
And. To take away the Wench oth' ſudden from him,
And give him no lawfull warning, he is tender,
And of a young girles conſtitution, Sir,
Ready to get the greene ſickneſſe with conceit;
Had he but tane his leave in travailing language,
Or bought an Elegie of his condolement,
That th' world might have tane notice, he had been
An Aſſe, 't had been ſome ſavour. *Mir.* Thou ſaiſt true,
Wiſe *Andrew*, but thoſe Scholars are ſuch things
When they can prattle. *And.* Very perilous things Sir.
Mir. And when they gaine the liberty to diſtinguiſh
The difference 'twixt a father and a foole,
To looke below and ſpie a younger brother
Pruning and dreſſing up his expectations
In a rare glaſſe of beauty, too good for him:
Thoſe dreaming Scholars then turne Tyrants, *Andrew*,
And ſhew no mercy. *And.* The more's the pitie, Sir.
Mir. Thou told'ſt me of a tricke to catch my brother,
And anger him a little farther, *Andrew*.
It ſhall be onely anger I aſſure thee,
And a little ſhame. *And.* And I can fit you, Sir;

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Harke in your eare. *Mir.* Thy wife? *And.* So I assure ye:
This night at twelve a clocke. *Mir.* Tis neat and handsome;
There are twenty Crownes due to thy project *Andrew.*
I've time to visit *Charles*, and see what Lecture
He reades to his Mistresse. That done, Ile not faile
To be with you. *And.* Nor I to watch my Master. ——— *Exeunt.*

Actus IV. *Scœna* III.

ANGELLINA, SYLVIA *with a taper.*

I'me worse than ere I was, for now I feare,
That that I love, that that I onely dote on;
He followes me through every roome I passe,
And with a strong set eye he gazes on me,
As if his sparke of innocence were blowne
Into a flame of lust; Vertue defend me.
His Uncle too is absent, and 'tis night;
And what these oportunities may teach him ———
What feare and endlesse care tis to be honest!
To be a maide, what misery, what mischiefe!
Would I were rid of it, so it were fairely.
Syl. You need not feare that, will you be a childe still?
He followes you, but still to looke upon you,
Or if he did desire to lye with ye,
Tis but your owne desire, you love for that end;
Ile lay my life, if he were now a bed w'ye,
He is so modest, he would fall a sleepe straight.
Ang. Dare you venter that? *Syl.* Let him consent, and have at ye,
I feare him not, he knowes not what a woman is,
Nor how to finde the mysterie men aime at.
Are you afraid of your owne shadow, Madam?
Ang. He followes still, yet with a sober face;
Would I might know the worst, and then I were satisfied.
Syl. You may both, and let him but goe with ye.
Cha. Why doe you flie me? what have I so ill

About

About me or within me to deſerve it?
Ang. I am going to bed Sir. *Cha.* And I am come to light ye;
I am a maide, and 'tis a maidens office;
You may have me to bed without a ſcruple,
And yet I am chary too who comes about me.
Two Innocents ſhould not feare one another.
Syl. The Gentleman ſayes true. Plucke up your heart, Madam.
Cha. The glorious Sunne both riſing and declining
We boldly looke upon, even then ſweet Lady,
When like a modeſt bride he drawes nights curtaines,
Even then he bluſhes, that men ſhould behold him.
Ang. I feare he will perſwade me to miſtake him.
Syl. 'Tis eaſily done, if you will give your minde to't.
Ang. Pray ye to your bed. *Cha.* Why not to yours, deare Miſtreſſe?
One heart and one bed. *Ang.* True Sir, when 'tis lawfull:
But yet you know—— *Cha.* I would not know, forget it;
Thoſe are but ſickly loves that hang on Ceremony,
Nurſt up with doubts and feares, ours high and healthfull,
Full of beleefe, and fit to teach the Prieſt;
Love ſhould ſeale firſt, then hands confirme the bargaine.
Ang. I ſhall be an Heretique if this continue.
What would you doe a bed? you make me bluſh, Sir.
Cha. Ide ſee you ſleepe, for ſure your ſleepes are excellent:
You that are waking ſuch a noted wonder,
Muſt in your ſlumbers prove an admiration:
I would behold your dreames too, if 'twere poſſible;
Thoſe were rich ſhowes. *Ang.* I am becomming Traitor.
Cha. Then like blew *Neptune* courting of an Iland,
Where all the perfumes and the pretious things
That waite upon great Nature are laid up,
Ide clip it in mine armes, and chaſtly kiſſe it,
Dwell in your boſome like your deareſt thoughts,
And ſigh and weepe. *Ang.* I've too much woman in me.
Cha. And thoſe true teares falling on your pure Chryſtalls,
Should turne to armelets for great Queenes t'adore.

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Ang. I must be gone. *Cha.* Doe not, I will not hurt ye;
This is to let you know, my worthiest Lady,
Y' have clear'd my minde, and I can speake of love too;
Feare not my manners, though I never knew
Before these few houres what a beauty was,
And such a one that fires all hearts that feele it;
Yet I have read of vertuous temperance,
And studied it among my other secrets,
And sooner would I force a separation
Betwixt this spirit, and the case of flesh,
Than but conceive one rudenesse against chastity.
Ang. Then we may walke. *Cha.* And talke of any thing,
Any thing fit for your eares; and my language,
Though I was bred up dull I was ever civill;
Tis true, I have found it hard to looke on you,
And not desire, 'Twill prove a wise mans taske,
Yet those desires I have so mingled still
And tempered with the quality of honour,
That if you should yeeld, I should hate you for't.
I am no Courtier of a light condition,
Apt to take fire at every beautious face,
That onely serves his will and wantonnesse,
And lets the serious part of life runne by
As thin neglected sand. Whiteneſſe of name,
You must be mine; why should I robbe my selfe
Of that that lawfully must make me happy?
Why should I seeke to cuckold my delights?
And widow all those sweets I aime at in you?
Wee'll loose our selves in *Venus* groves of mirtle,
Where every little bird shall be a *Cupid*,
And sing of love and youth, each winde that blowes
And curles the velvet leaves shall breed delights,
The wanton springs shall call us to their bankes,
And on the perfum'd flowers wee'll feast our senses,
Yet wee'll walke by untainted of their pleasures,

And

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And as they were pure Temples we'll make in them.
Ang. To bed, and pray then, we may have a faire end
Of our faire loves; would I were worthy of you,
Or of such parents that might give you thankes:
But I am poore in all but in your love.
Once more, good night. *Cha.* A good night t'yee, and may
The dewe of sleepe fall gently on you, sweet one,
And locke up those faire lights in pleasing slumbers;
No dreames but chaste and cleare attempt your fancie,
And breake betimes sweet morne, I've lost my light else.
Ang. Let it be ever night when I lose you.
Syl. This Scholar never went to a Free-Schoole, hee's so simple.
Ser. Your brother with two Gallants is at doore, Sir, } *Enter a*
And they're so violent, they'l take no deniall. } *Servant*
Ang. This is no time of night. *Cha.* Let 'em in Mistresse.
Serv. They say no leave; Shall I raise the house on 'em?
Cha. Not a man, nor make no murmur of't, I charge ye.

Enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COUVSY.

Th'are here, my Uncle absent, stand close to me.
How doe you brother with your curious story?
Have you not read her yet sufficiently?
Cha. No, brother, no, I stay yet in the Preface;
The stile's too hard for you. *Eust.* I must entreat her,
Shee's parcell of my goods. *Cha.* Shee's all when you have her.
Ang. Hold off your hands, unmannerly, rude Sir;
Nor I, nor what I have depend on you.
Cha. Doe, let her alone, shee gives good counsell; doe not
Trouble your selfe with Ladies, they are too light;
Let out your land, and get a provident Steward.
Ang. I cannot love ye, let that satisfie you;
Such vanities as you are to be laught at.
Eust. Nay, then you must goe, I must claime mine owne.
Both. Away, away with her. *Cha.* Let her alone; } *She strikes off*
Pray let her alone, and take your coxcombe up: } *Eustace's hat.*
Let me talke civilly a while with you brother,

In

It may be on ſome tearmes I may part with her.
Euſt. O, is your heart come downe? what are your tearmes, Sir?
Put up, put up. *Cha.* This is the firſt and chiefeſt, *Snatches away his ſword.*
Let's walke a turne; now ſtand off fooles, I adviſe ye,
Stand as farre off as you would hope for mercy:
This is the firſt ſword yet I ever handled,
And a ſword's a beauteous thing to looke upon,
And if it hold, I ſhall ſo hunt your inſolence:
Tis ſharpe I'me ſure, and if I put it home,
Tis ten to one I ſhall new pinke your Sattins:
I finde I have ſpirit enough to diſpoſe of it,
And will enough to make ye all examples;
Let me toſſe it round, I have the full command on't:
Fetch me a native Fencer, I defie him;
I feele the fire of ten ſtrong ſpirits in me.
Doe you watch me when my Uncle is abſent?
This is my griefe, I ſhall be fleſht on Cowards;
Teach me to fight, I willing am to learne.
Are ye all gilded Flies, nothing but ſhew in ye?
Why ſtand ye gaping? who now touches her?
Who calles her his, or who dares name her to me?
But name her as his owne, who dares looke on her?
That ſhall be mortall too; but thinke, 'tis dangerous.
Art thou a fit man to inherit land,
And haſt no wit nor ſpirit to maintaine it?
Stand ſtill thou ſigne of man, and pray for thy friends,
Pray heartily, good prayers may reſtore ye.
Ang. But doe not kill 'em Sir. *Cha.* You ſpeake too late, Deare,
It is my firſt fight, and I muſt doe bravely,
I muſt not looke with partiall eyes on any;
I cannot ſpare a button of theſe Gentlemen;
Did life lye in their heele *Achilles* like,
Ide ſhoot my anger at thoſe parts and kill 'em.
Who waits within? *Ser.* Sir. *Cha.* View all theſe, view 'em well,
Goe round about 'em and ſtill view their faces,

Round

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Round about yet, See how death waites upon 'em,
For thou ſhalt never view 'em more. *Euſt.* Pray hold, Sir.
Cha. I cannot hold you ſtand ſo faire before me,
I muſt not hold 'twill darken all my glories.
Goe to my Uncle, bid him poſte to the King,
And get my pardon inſtantly, I have need on't.
Euſt. Are you ſo unnaturall? *Cha.* You ſhall dye laſt Sir,
Ile talke thee dead, thou art no man to fight with.
Come, will ye come? me thinkes I 've fought whole battailes.
Con. We have no quarrell to you, that we know on, Sir.
Egre. Wee'll quit the houſe and aske ye mercy too:
Good Lady, let no murther be done here;
We came but to parly. *Cha.* How my ſword
Thirſts after them? ſtand away Sweet. *Euſt.* Pray Sir,
Take my ſubmiſſion, and I diſclaime for ever.
Cha. Away ye poore things, ye deſpicable Creatures!
Doe you come poſte to fetch a Lady from me,
From a poore Schoole-boy that ye ſcorn'd of late?
And grow lame in your hearts when you ſhould execute?
Pray take her, take her, I am weary of her;
What did ye bring to carry her; *Egre.* A Coach and foure horſes.
Cha. But are they good? *Egre.* As good as *France* can ſhew Sir.
Cha. Are you willing to leave thoſe, and take your ſafeties?
Speake quickly. *Euſt.* Yes with all our hearts. *Cha.* Tis done then;
Many have got one horſe, I've got foure by th' bargaine.

Enter MIRAMONT.

Mi. How now, who's here? *Ser.* Nay now, y'are gone without baile.
Mir. What, drawne my friends? Fetch me my two-hand ſword;
I will not leave a head on your ſhoulders, Wretches.
Euſt. In truth Sir, I came but to doe my duty.
Both. And we to renew our loves. *Mir.* Bring me a blanket.
What came they for? *Ang.* To borrow me a while, Sir;
But one that never fought yet has ſo curried,
So baſtinado'd them with manly carriage,
They ſtand like things *Gorgons* had turn'd to ſtone:

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They watch'd your being absent, and then thought
They might doe wonders here, and they have done so;
For by my troth, I wonder at their coldnesse,
The nipping North or frosts never came neare them,
St. *George* upon a Signe would grow more sensible:
If the name of honour were for ever to be lost,
These were the most sufficient men to doe it
In all the world, and yet they are but young,
What will they use to? They'd as full of fire
As a froz'n Glo-wormes tale, and shine as goodly;
Nobility and patience ne'r match'd rarely
In these three Gentlemen, they have right use on't;
They'll stand still for an houre and be beaten.
These are the Anagrammes of three great Worthies.
Mir. They will infect my house with cowardize,
If they breathe longer in it; my roofe covers
No baffl'd Monsieurs, walke and aire your selves;
As I live, they stay not here, white liver'd wretches!
Without one word to aske a reason why,
Vanish, 'tis the last warning, and with speed,
For if I take ye in hand I shall dissect you,
And reade upon your flegmaticke dull carcases.
My horse againe shortly: I have other businesse,
Which you shall heare hereafter and laugh at it.
Good night *Charles*, faire goodnesse to you deare Lady.
Tis late, 'tis late. *Aug.* Pray Sir be carefull of us.
Mir. It is enough, my best care shall attend ye. *Exeunt.*

Actus IV. *Scæna* IV.

Enter ANDREVV.

Are you come old Master? very good, your horse
Is well set up, but ere ye part; Ile ride you
And spurre your reverend Justiceship such a question,
As I shall make the sides o'your reputation bleed,

Truely

Truely I will. Now must I play at Bo-peepe——
A banquet——well, Potatoes and Eringoes,
And as I take it, Cantharides,——Excellent,
A priapisme followes, and as Ile handle it,
It shall old lecherous Goate in authority.
Now they beginne to bill; how he slavers her.
Gramercy *Lilly*, she spits his kisses out,
And now he offers to fumble she falles off,
(That's a good Wench) and cries faire play above boord.
Who are they in the corner? As I live,
A covey of Fidlers; I shall have some musicke yet
At my making free with Company of Horners;
There's the comfort, and a song too! He beckons for one——
Sure 'tis no Anthem nor no borrowed rhymes
Out of the Schoole of vertue; I will listen——*A Song.*
This was never penn'd at *Genoua*, the note's too spritely.
So, so, the musicke's paid for, and now what followes?
O that Monsieur *Mirabout* would but keepe his word,
Here were a feast to make him fat with laughter,
At the most 'tis not five minutes riding from his house,
Nor will he breake I hope——O are you come Sir?
The prey is in the net and will breake in
Upon occasion. *Mir.* Thou shalt rule me *Andrew.*
O th' infinite fright that will assaile this Gentleman!
The quartems, tertians, and quotidians
That will hang like Sergeants on his worships shoulders!
The humiliation of the flesh of this man!
This grave austere man will be wondred at,
How will those solemne lookes appeare to me,
And that severe face, that spake chaines and shackles?
Now I take him in the nicke, ere I' done with him,
He had better have stood betweene two panes of wainscot
And made his recantation in the market,
Than heare me conjure him. *And.* He must passe this way,
To th' onely bed I have, he comes, stand close.

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Bri. Well done, well done, give me my nightcap. So,
Quicke, quicke, untruſſe me; I will truſſe and trounce thee;
Come Wench a kiſſe betweene each point; kiſſe cloſe;
It is a ſweet Parentheſis. *Lil.* Y' are merry Sir.
Bri. Merry I will be anon, and thou ſhalt feele it,
Thou ſhalt my *Lilly*. *Lil.* Shall I aire your bed, Sir?
Bri. No, no, Ile uſe no warming pan but thine, Girle;
That's all; Come kiſſe me againe. *Lil.* Ha' ye done yet?
Bri. No, but I will doe, and doe wonders, *Lilly*.
Shew me the way. *Lil.* You cannot miſſe it, Sir;
You ſhall have a Cawdle in the morning, for
Your worſhips breakfaſt. *Bri.* How, ith' morning *Lilly*?
Th'art ſuch a witty thing to draw me on.
Leave fooling, *Lilly*, I am hungry now,
And th'haſt another Kickſhaw, I muſt taſte it.
Lil. I will make you ſurfet, I am tender of you,
Y'have all y'are like to have. *And.* Can this be earneſt?
Mir. It ſeemes ſo, and ſhe honeſt. *Bri.* Have I not
Thy promiſe *Lilly*? *Lil.* Yes, and I have performed
Enough to a man of your yeares, this is truth,
And you ſhall finde Sir, you have kiſt and tows'd me,
Handled my legge and foote, what would you more, Sir?
As for the reſt, it requires youth and ſtrength,
And th'labour in an old man would breed Agues,
Sciaticaes, and Cramps; you ſhall not curſe me,
For taking from you what you cannot ſpare, Sir:
Be good unto your ſelfe, y'have tane already
All you can take with eaſe; you are paſt threſhing,
It is a worke too boiſterous for you, leave
Such drudgery to *Andrew*. *Mir.* How ſhe jeeres him?
Lil. Let *Andrew* alone with his owne tillage,
Hee's tough, and can manure it. *Bri.* Y' are a queane,
A ſcoffing jeering queane. *Lil.* It may be ſo, but
I'me ſure, Ile nere be yours. *Bri.* Doe not provoke me,
If thou do'ſt, Ile have my Farme againe, and turne

Thee

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Thee out a begging. *Lil.* Though you have the will,
And want of honesty to deny your Deed, Sir,
Yet I hope *Andrew* has got so much learning
From my young Master, as to keepe his owne;
At the worst, Ile tell a short tale to the Judges,
For what grave ends you sign'd your Lease, and on
What tearmes you would revoke it. *Bri.* Whore, thou dar'st not.
Yeeld or Ile have thee whipt; How my bloud boiles,
As if 'twere ore a furnace! *Mir.* I shall coole it.
Bri. Yet gentle *Lilly*, pitie and forgive me,
Ile be a friend t'ye, such a loving bountifull friend——
Lil. To avoid suites in Law, I would grant a little,
But should fierce *Andrew* know it, what would become
Of me? *And.* A whore, a whore. *Bri.* Nothing but well, Wench,
I will put such a strong bit in his mouth
As thou shalt ride him how thou wilt, my *Lilly*:
Nay, he shall hold the doore, as I will worke him,
And thanke thee for the Office. *Mir.* Take heed *Andrew*,
These are shrewd temptations. *And.* Pray you know
Your Cue, and second me Sir; By your Worships favour.
Bri. Andrew! *And.* I come in time to take possession
Of th'office you assigne me; hold the doore,
Alas 'tis nothing for a simple man
To stay without when a deepe understanding
Holds conference within, say with his wife a
A trifle Sir, I know I hold my farme
In Cuckolds Tenure; you are Lord o'the soyle Sir,
Lilly is a Weft, a Stray, shee's yours, to use Sir,
I claime no interest in her. *Bri.* Art thou serious?
Speake honest *Andrew* since thou hast oreheard us,
And winke at small faults, man; I'me but a pidler,
A little will serve my turne, thou'lt finde enough
When I've my belly full; wilt thou be private
And silent? *And.* By all meanes, Ile onely have
A Ballad made of't, sung to some lewd Tune,

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And the name of it shall be *Justice Trap*,
It will sit rarely with your Worships name,
And *Lillies* on the toppe. *Bri.* Seeke not the ruine
O'my reputation, *Andrew*. *And.* Tis for your credit,
Monsieur *Brisac* printed in capitall letters,
Then pasted upon all the posts in *Paris*.
Bri. No mercy, *Andrew*? *And.* O, it will proclaime you
From th' Citie to the Court, and prove sport royall.
Bri. Thou shalt keepe thy Farme. *Mir.* He does afflict him rarely.
And. You trouble me. Then his intent arriving,
The vizard of his hypocrisie pull'd off
To the Judge criminall. *Bri.* O, I am undone.
And. Hee's put out of Commission with disgrace,
And held uncapable of bearing Office
Ever hereafter. This is my revenge,
And this Ile put in practice. *Bri.* Doe but heare me.
And. To bring me backe from my Grammar to my Horne-booke,
It is unpardonable. *Bri.* Doe not play the Tyrant;
Accept of composition. *Lil.* Heare him, *Andrew*.
And. What composition? *Bri.* Ile confirme thy farme,
And adde unto't an hundred acres more
Adjoyning to it. *And.* Umb, This mollifies,
But y'are so fickle, and will againe deny this,
There being no witnesse by. *Bri.* Call any witnesse,
Ile presently assure it. *And.* Say you so,
Troth there's a friend of mine Sir, within hearing,
That is familiar with all that's past,
His testimony will be authenticall.
Bri. Will he be secret? *And.* You may tye his tongue up,
As you would doe your purse-strings. *Br. Miramont.* Ha, ha, ha.
And. This is my witnesse. Lord how you are troubled?
Sure, y'have an ague, you shake so with choler;
Hee's your loving brother Sir, and will tell no body
But all he meets, that you have eate a snake,
And are growne young, gamesome, and rampant. *Bri.* Caught thus?

And. If

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And. If he were one that would make jeſts of you,
Or plague ye with making your religious gravity
Ridiculous to your neighbours, Then you had
Some cauſe to be perplex'd. *Bri.* I ſhall become
Diſcourſe for Clownes and Tapſters. *And.* Quicke, *Lilly*, quicke.
Hee's now paſt kiſſing, betweene point and point.
He ſwounds, fetch him ſome Cordiall ——— Now put in Sir.
Mir. Who may this be? ſure this is ſome miſtake:
Let me ſee his face, weares he not a falſe beard?
It cannot be *Briſac* that worthy Gentleman,
The pillar and the patron of his Country;
He is too prudent and too cautelous,
Experience hath taught him t'avoid theſe fooleries,
He is the puniſher and not the doer,
Beſides hee's old and cold, unfit for women;
This is ſome Counterfeit, he ſhall be whipt for't,
Some baſe abuſer of my worthy brother.
Bri. Open the doores, will y' impriſon me? are ye my Judges?
Mir. The man raves! This is not judicious *Briſac*:
Yet now I thinke on't, a'has a kinde of dog looke
Like my brother, a guilty hanging face.
Bri. Ile ſuffer bravely, doe your worſt, doe, doe.
Mir. Why, it's manly in you. *Bri.* Nor will I raile nor curſe,
You ſlave, you whore, I will not meddle with you,
But all the torments that ere fell on men,
That fed on miſchiefe, fall heavily on you all. *Exit.*
Lil. You have giv'n him a heat, Sir. *Mir.* He will ride you
The better, *Lilly*. *And.* Wee'l teach him to meddle with Scholars.
Mir. He ſhall make good his promiſe t'encreaſe thy Farme, *Andrew*,
Or Ile jeere him to death, feare nothing *Lilly*,
I am thy Champion. This jeaſt goes to *Charles*,
And then Ile hunt him out, and Monſieur *Enflace*
The gallant Courtier, and laugh heartily
To ſee 'em mourne together. *And.* I will be rare, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Actus

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Actus 5. Scæna 1.

EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COVVSY.

Turn'd out of doores and baffled! *Egre.* We ſhare with you
In the affront. *Cow.* Yet beare it not like you
With ſuch deje&tion. *Euſt.* My Coach and horſes made
The ranſome of our cowardize. *Cow.* Piſh, that's nothing,
Tis *Damnum reparabile*, and ſoone recover'd.
Egre. It is but feeding a ſuitor with falſe hopes,
And after ſqueeze him with a dozen of oathes.
You are new rigg'd, and this no more remembred.
Euſt. And does the Court that ſhould be the example
And Oracle of the Kingdome, reade to us
No other doctrine. *Egre.* None that thrives ſo well
As that, within my knowledge. *Cow.* Flatt'ry rubbes out,
But ſince great men learne to admire themſelves,
Tis ſomething creſt-falne. *Egre.* To be of no Religion,
Argues a ſubtle morall underſtanding,
And it is often cheriſht. *Euſt.* Piety then,
And valour, nor to doe nor ſuffer wrong,
Are there no vertues. *Egre.* Rather vices, *Euſtace*;
Fighting! What's fighting? It may be in faſhion,
Among Provant ſwords, and buffe-jerkin men:
But w'us that ſwimme in choiſe of ſilkes and Tiſſues;
Though in defence of that word reputation,
Which is indeed a kinde of glorious nothing,
To loſe a dramme of bloud muſt needs appeare
As coarſe as to be honeſt. *Euſt.* And all this
You ſeriouſly beleeve. *Cow.* It is a faith,
That we will die in, ſince from the blacke guard
To the grimme Sir in office, there are few
Hold other Tenets. *Euſt.* Now my eyes are open,

And

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And I behold a ſtrong neceſſity
That keepes me knave and coward. *Cow.* Y'are the wiſer.
Euſt. Nor can I change my Copy, if I purpoſe
To be of your ſociety. *Egre.* By no meanes.
Euſt. Honour is nothing with you? *Cow.* A meere bubble,
For what's growne common is no more regarded.
Euſt. My ſword forc'd from me too, and ſtill detein'd,
You thinke's no blemiſh. *Egre.* Get me a battoone,
Tis twenty times more courtlike, and leſſe trouble.
Euſt. And yet you weare a ſword. *Cow.* Yes, and a good one,
A Millan hilt, and a Damaſco blade,
For ornament, no uſe the Court allowes it.
Euſt. Wil't not fight of it ſelfe? *Cow.* I nere tri'd this,
Yet I have worne as faire as any man,
I'me ſure I've made my Cuſler rich, and paid
For ſeverall weapons, Turkiſh and Toledo's,
Two thouſand Crownes, and yet could never light
Upon a fighting one. *Euſt.* Ile borrow this,
I like it well. *Cow.* Tis at your ſervice Sir,
A lath in a velvet ſcabberd will ſerve my turne.
Euſt. And now I have it, leave me, y'are infectious,
The plague and leproſie of your baſeneſſe ſpreading
On all that doe come neere you, ſuch as you
Render the Throne of Majeſty, the Court
Suſpected and contemptible, you are Scarabee's
That batten in her dung, and have no pallats
To taſte her curious viands, and like Owles
Can onely ſee her night deformities,
But with the glorious ſplendor of her beauties
You are ſtrucke blinde as Moles, that undermine
The ſumptuous building that allow'd you ſhelter,
You ſticke like running ulcers on her face,
And taint the pureneſſe of her native candor,
And being bad ſervants cauſe your maſters goodneſſe
To be diſputed of; make you the Court

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That is the abstract of all Academies,
To teach and practice noble undertakings
(Where courage sits triumphant crown'd with Lawrell,
And wisedome loaded with the weight of honour)
A Schoole of vices. *Egre.* What sudden rapture's this?
Eust. A heavenly one that raising me from sloth and ignorance,
(In which your coversation long hath charm'd me)
Carries me up into the aire of action,
And knowledge of my selfe; even now I feele
But pleading onely in the Courts defence,
(Though farre short of her merits and bright lustre)
A happy alteration, and full strength
To stand her Champion against all the world,
That throw aspersions on her. *Cow.* Sure he'll beat us,
I see it in his eyes. *Egre.* A second *Charles*;
Pray looke not Sir so furiously. *Eust.* Recant
What you have said, ye Mungrils, and licke up
The vomit you have cast upon the Court,
Where you unworthily have had warmth and breeding,
And sweare that you like Spiders, have made poyson
Of that which was a saving antidote.
Egre. We will sweare any thing. *Cow.* We honour the Court
As a most sacred place. *Egre.* And will make oath,
If you enjoyne us to't, nor knave, nor foole,
Nor Coward living in it. *Eust.* Except you two,
You Rascals! *Cow.* Yes, we are all these, and more,
If you will have it so. *Eust.* And that untill
You are againe reform'd and growne new men,
You nere presume to name the Court, or presse
Into the Porters Lodge but for a penance,
To be disciplin'd for your roguery, and this done
With true contrition. *Both.* Yes Sir. *Eust.* You againe,
May eat scraps and be thankfull. *Cow.* Here's a cold breakfast
After a sharpe nights walking. *Eust.* Keepe your oathes,
And without grumbling vanish. *Both.* We are gone, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Eust. May

Enft. May all the poorenefſe of my ſpirit goe with you,
The fetters of my thraldome are fil'd off:
And I at liberty to right my ſelfe,
And though my hope in *Angellina's* little,
My honour (unto which compar'd ſhee's nothing)
Shall like the Sunne diſperſe thoſe lowring Clouds,
That yet obſcure and dimme it; not the name
Of brother ſhall divert me, but from him,
That in the worlds opinion ruin'd me,
I will ſeeke reparation, and call him
Unto a ſtrict accompt. Ha! 'tis neere day,
And if the Muſes friend roſe-cheek'd *Aurora*,
Invite him to this ſolitary grove,
As I much hope ſhe will, he ſeldome miſſing
To pay his vowes here to her, I ſhall hazard
To hinder his devotions——The doore opens.——*Enter Charles.*
Tis he moſt certaine, and by's ſide my ſword,
Bleſt opportunity. *Cha.* I have oreſlept my ſelfe,
And loſt part of the morne, but Ile recover it:
Before I went to bed, I wrote ſome notes
Within my Table-booke, which I will now conſider.
Ha! What meanes this? What doe I with a ſword?
Learn'd *Mercurie* needs not th' aide of *Mars*, and innocence
Is to it ſelfe a guard, yet ſince armes ever
Protect arts, I may juſtly weare and uſe it,
For ſince 'twas made my prize, I know not how
I'me growne in love with't, and cannot eate nor ſtudy,
And much leſſe walke without it: but I trifle,
Matters of more weight aske my judgement. *Enft.* Now Sir,
Treate of no other Theme, Ile keepe you to it,
And ſee y'expound it well. *Cha. Enft ace! Enft.* The ſame Sir,
Your younger brother, who as duty bindes him,
Hath all this night (turn'd out of doores) attended,
To bid good morrow t'ye. *Cha.* This not in ſcorne,
Commands me to returne it, Would you ought elſe?

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Eust. O much, Sir, here I end not, but beginne;
I muſt ſpeake to you in another ſtraine,
Than yet I ever us'd, and if the language
Appeare in the delivery rough and harſh,
You (being my Tutor) muſt condemne your ſelfe,
From whom I learn'd it. *Cha.* When I underſtand
(Bee't in what ſtile you pleaſe) what's your demand,
I ſhall endeavour in the ſelfe ſame phraſe
To make an anſwer to the point. *Eust.* I come not
To lay claime to your birthright, 'tis your owne,
And 'tis fit you enjoy it, nor aske I from you
Your learning and deepe knowledge; (though I am not
A Scholar as you are) I know them Diamonds
By your ſole induſtry, patience and labour
Forc'd from ſteepe rockes and with much toile attended,
And but to few, that prize their value granted,
And therefore without rivall freely weare them.
Cha. Theſe not repin'd at (as you ſeeme t'enforme me)
The motion muſt be of a ſtrange condition,
If I refuſe to yeeld to't, therefore *Eustace*,
Without this tempeſt in your lookes propound it,
And feare not a deniall. *Eust.* I require then,
(As from an enemy and not a brother)
The reputation of a man, the honour,
Not by a faire warre wonne when I was waking,
But in my ſleepe of folly raviſh'd from me,
With theſe, the reſtitution of my ſword,
With large acknowledgement of ſatisfaction,
My Coach, my Horſes, I will part with life,
Ere loſe one haire of them, and what concludes all,
My Miſtreſſe *Angellina*, as ſhe was
Before the muſicall Magicke of thy tongue
Inchanted and ſeduc'd her. Theſe perform'd,
And with ſubmiſſion, and done publiquely
At my Fathers and my Uncles interceſſion,

(That

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(That I put in too) I perhaps may liſten
To tearmes of reconcilement; but if theſe
In every circumſtance are not ſubſcrib'd to,
To th' laſt gaſpe I defie thee. *Cha.* Theſe are ſtrict
Conditions to a brother. *Euſt.* My reſt is up,
Nor will I give leſſe. *Cha.* I'me no Gameſter, *Euſtace*,
Yet I can gueſſe your reſolution ſtands
To winne or loſe all; I rejoyce to finde ye
Thus tender of your honour, and that at length
You underſtand what a wretched thing you were,
How deepely wounded by your ſelfe, and made
Almoſt incureable, in your owne hopes
The dead fleſh of pale cowardiſe growing over
Your feſtred reputation, which no balme
Or gentle unguent ever could make way to,
And I am happy, that I was the Surgeon,
That did apply thoſe burning corroſives
That render you already ſenſible
O th' danger you were plung'd in, teaching you,
And by a faire gradation, how farre
And with what curious reſpect and care
The peace and credit of a man within,
(Which you were thought till now) ſhould be preferr'd
Before a gawdy outſide, pray you fixe here,
For ſo farre I goe with you. *Euſt.* This diſcourſe
Is from the ſubject. *Cha.* Ile come to it brother,
But if you thinke to build upon my ruines,
You'll finde a falſe foundation, your high offers
Taught by the maſters of dependancies,
That by compounding differences 'tweene others
Supply their owne neceſſities, with me
Will never carry 't; As you are my brother,
I would diſpence a little, but no more.
Than honour can give way to; nor muſt I
Deſtroy that in my ſelfe I love in you,

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And therefore let not hopes nor threats perſwade you,
I will deſcend to any compoſition.
For which I may be cenſur'd. *Euſt.* You ſhall fight then.
Cha. With much unwillingneſſe with you, but if
There's no evaſion—— *Euſt.* None. *Cha.* Heare yet a word,
As for the ſword and other fripperies,
In a faire way ſend for them, you ſhall have 'em,
But rather than ſurrender *Angellina*,
Or heare it againe mention'd, I oppoſe
My breaſt unto lowd thunder, caſt behinde me
All ties of Nature. *Euſt.* She detein'd, I'me deafe
To all perſwaſion. *Cha.* Guard thy ſelfe then *Euſtace*,
I uſe no other Rhetoricke. *Mir.* Claſhing of ſwords { *Enter*
So neere my houſe? brother oppos'd to brother! { *Miram.*
Here is no fencing at halfe-ſword, hold, hold,
Charles, Euſtace. Euſt. Second him, or call in more helpe,
Come not betweene us, Ile not know nor ſpare you;
D'ye fight by th'booke? *Cha.* Tis you that wrong me, off Sir,
And ſuddenly Ile conjure downe the ſpirit
That I have raiſed in him. *Euſt.* Never *Charles*,
Till thine, and in thy death, be doubled in me.
Mir. I'me out of breath, yet truſt not too much to't boyes,
For if you pawſe not ſuddenly, and heare reaſon.
Doe, kill your Uncle, doe, but that I'me patient,
And not a cholericke old teaſty foole,
Like your father, Ide daunce a matachin with you,
Should make you ſweat your beſt blood for't, I would,
And it may be I will, *Charles* I command thee,
And *Euſtace* I entreat thee, th'art a brave Sparke,
A true tough metal'd blade, and I beginne
To love thee heartily, give me a fighting Courtier,
Ile cheriſh him for example; in our age
Th'are not borne every day. *Cha.* You of late Sir,
In me lov'd learning. *Mir.* True, but take me w'ye, *Charles*,
Twas when young *Euſtace* wore his heart in's breeches,

And

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And fought his battailes in Complements and Cringes,
When'sunderstanding wav'd in a flaunting feather,
And his best contemplation look'd no further
Than a new fashion'd doublet, I confesse then
The lofty noise your Greeke made onely pleas'd me,
But now hee's turn'd an *Oliver* and a *Rowland*,
Nay the whole dozen of peeres are bound up in him;
Let me remember, when I was of his yeeres
I did looke very like him, and did you see
My picture as I was then, you would sweare
That gallant *Eustace*, (I meane, now he dares fight)
Was the true substance and the perfect figure.
Nay, nay, no anger, you shall have enough *Charles*.
Cha. Sure Sir, I shall not need addition from him.
Eust. Nor I from any, this shall decide my interest,
Though I am lost to all delighting men,
To all that men call good, for suffering tamely
Insufferable wrongs, and justly sleighted,
By yeelding to a minute of delay
In my revenge, and from that made a stranger
Unto my fathers house and favour, overwhelm'd
With all disgraces, yet I will mount upward,
And force my selfe a fortune, though my birth
And breeding doe deny it. *Cha.* Sweete not *Eustace*,
By violence what will be offered to you,
On easier composition; though I was not
Allied unto your weakenesse, you shall finde me
A brother to your bravery of spirit,
And one that not compell'd no's by your sword,
(Which I must never feare) will share with you,
In all but *Angellina*. *Edw.* Nobly said *Charles*,
And learne from my experience, you may heare reason
And never maime your fighting; for your credit
Which you thinke you have lost, spare *Charles* and *Edward* mine me,
And soundly; three or foure walking velvet cloakes

That

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That weare no ſwords to guard 'em, yet deſerve it,
Thou art made up againe. *Euſt.* All this is lip-ſalve.
Mir. It ſhall be Heart-eaſe, *Euſtace*, ere I've done;
As for thy fathers anger, now thou dar'ſt fight,
Nere feare't, for I've the dowcets of his gravity
Faſt in a ſtring, and will ſo pinch and wring him,
That ſpight of his authority, thou ſhalt make
Thine owne conditions with him. *Euſt.* Ile take leave
A little to conſider. *Cha.* Here comes *Andrew*.
Mir. But without his Comicall and learned face,
What ſad diſaſter, *Andrew*? *And.* You may reade Sir,
A Tragedy in my face. *Mir.* Art thou in earneſt?
And. Yes, by my life Sir, and if now you helpe not,
And ſpeedily by force or by perſuaſion,
My good old Maſter (for now I pitie him) is
Ruin'd for ever. *Cha.* Ha, my father! *And.* He Sir.
Mir. By what meanes? ſpeake. *And.* At the ſuite of Monſieur *Lewis*,
His houſe is ſeiz'd upon, and he in perſon
Is under guard, (I ſaw it with theſe eyes Sir)
To be convey'd to *Paris*, and there ſentenc'd.
Mir. Nay, then there is no jeſting. *Cha.* Doe I live,
And know my father injur'd? *And.* And what's worſe Sir,
My Lady *Angelina*—— *Euſt.* What of her?
And. Shee's carryed away too. *Mir.* How? *And.* While you were abſent,
A crew of Monſieur *Lewis* friends and kinſmen
By force brake in at th' backe part of the houſe
And tooke her away by violence; faithfull *Andrew*,
(As this can witneſſe for him) did his beſt,
In her defence, but 'twould not doe. *Mir.* Away,
And ſee our horſes ſadled, 'tis no time
To talke, but doe: *Euſtace*, you now are offer'd
A ſpacious field, and in a pious warre
To exerciſe you valour, here's a cauſe.

An

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And ſuch a one, in which to fall is honourable,
Your duty and reverence due to a fathers name
Commanding it; but theſe unnaturall jarres
Ariſing betweene brothers (ſhould you proſper)
Would ſhame your victory. *Eaſt.* I would doe much Sir,
But ſtill my reputation! *Mir. Charles* ſhall give you
All decent ſatisfaction; nay, joyne hands,
And heartily; why this is done like brothers,
And old as I am, in this cauſe that concernes
The honour of our family, Monſieur *Lewis*
(If reaſon cannot worke) ſhall finde and feele
There's hot blood in this arme, Ile lead you bravely.
Eaſt. And if I follow not, a Cowards name
Be branded on my forehead. *Cha.* This ſpirit makes you
A ſharer in my fortunes. *Mir.* And in mine,
Of which (*Briſac* once freed, and *Angelina*
Againe in our poſſeſſion) you ſhall know
My heart ſpeakes in my tongue. *Eaſt.* I dare not doubt it, Sir.

Exeunt.

Actus V. *Scena* II.

Enter LEVVIS, BRISAC, ANGELLIMA, SYLVIA, *Officers.*

Lew. I'me deafe to all perſwaſion. *Bri.* I uſe none,
Nor doubt I, though a while my innocence ſuffers,
But when the King ſhall underſtand how falſely
Your malice hath inform'd him, he in juſtice
Muſt ſet me right againe. *Ang.* Sir, let not paſſion
So farre tranſport you as to thinke in reaſon,
This violent courſe repaires, but ruines it;
That honour you would build up you deſtroy;
What you would ſeeme to nourith, if reſpect
Of my preferment or my reputation
May challenge your paternall love and care,
Why doe you, now good fortune has provided

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A better husband for me than your hopes
Could ever fancy, ſtrive to robbe me of him?
In what is my Lord *Charles* defective, Sir?
Unleſſe deepe learning be a blemiſh in him,
Or well proportion'd limbs be mulcts in Nature,
Or what you onely aim'd at large revenewes,
Are on the ſudden growne diſtaſtfull to you?
Of what can you accuſe him? *Lew.* Of a rape
Done to honour, which thy ravenous luſt
Made thee conſent to. *Syl.* Her luſt! you are her father.
Lew. And you her Bawd: *Syl.* Were you ten Lords, 'tis falſe,
The pureneſſe of her chaſte thoughts entertaine not
Such ſpotted inſtruments. *Ang.* As I have a ſoule Sir.
Lew. I am not to be alter'd, to ſit downe
With this diſgrace would argue me a Peaſant,
And not borne noble: all rigour that the Law
And that encreaſe of power by favour yeelds,
Shall be with all ſeverity inflicted;
You have the Kings hand for't; no Bayle will ſerve,
And therefore at your perils Officers, away with 'em.
Bri. This is madneſſe. *Lew.* Tell me ſo in open Court,
And there Ile anſwer you. *Mir.* Well overtaken. } *Enter Mir.*
Cha. Ill if they dare reſiſt. *Euſt.* He that advances } *Char. Euſt.*
But one ſtep forward dies. *L.* Shew the Kings Writ. } *Andrew.*
Mir. Shew your diſcretion, 'twill become you better.
Cha. Y'are once more in my power, and if againe
I part with you, let me for ever loſe thee.
Euſt. Force will not do't nor threats, accept this ſervice
From your deſpair'd of *Euſtace*: *And.* And beware
Your reverend Worſhip never more attempt
To ſearch my *Lilly-pot*, you ſee what follows.
Lew. Is the Kings power contemn'd? *Mir.* No, but the torrent
O'your wilfull folly ſtopp'd. And for you, good Sir,
If you would but be ſenſible, what can you wiſh
But the ſatisfaction of an obſtinate will;

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That is not indear'd to you? rather than
Be croſs'd in what you purpos'd, you'll undoe
Your daughters fame, the credit of your judgement,
And your old fooliſh neighbour; make your ſtates,
And in a ſuite not worth a Cardecue,
A prey to Advocates, and their buckram Scribes,
And after they have plum'd ye, returne home
Like a couple of naked Fowles without a feather.
Cha. This is a moſt ſtrong truth Sir. *Mir.* No, no, Monſieur,
Let us be right Frenchmen, violent to charge,
But when our follies are repell'd by reaſon,
Tis fit that we retreat and nere come on more:
Obſerve my learned *Charles*, hee'll get thee a Nephew
On *Angellina* ſhall diſpute in her belly,
And ſucke the Nurſe by Logicke: and here's *Euſtace*,
He was an Aſſe, but now is growne an *Amadis*;
Nor ſhall he want a Wife, if all my land
For a joynture can effect it: Y'are a good Lord,
And of a gentle nature, in your lookes
I ſee a kinde conſent, and it ſhewes lovely;
And doe you heare old Foole? but Ile not chide,
Hereafter like me, ever doate on learning,
The meere beleefe is excellent, 'twill ſave you;
And next love valour though you dare not fight
Your ſelfe, or fright a fooliſh Officer, young *Euſtace*
Can doe it to a haire. And to conclude,
Let *Andrew's* Farme be encreas'd, that is your penance,
You know for what, and ſee you rut no more,
You underſtand me, So embrace on all ſides.
Ile pay thoſe Billmen, and make large amends;
Provided we preſerve you ſtill our friends. —— *Exeunt.*

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Epilogue.

'Tis not the hands, or ſmiles, or common way
Of approbation to a well-lik'd Play,
We onely hope: But that you freely would
To th' Authour's memory, ſo farre unfold,
And ſhew your loves and liking to his wit,
Not in your praiſe, but often ſeeing it;
That being the grand aſſurance that can give
The Poet and the Player meanes to live.

FINIS.

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